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49.148.





HUMBLE SORROWS,
ARNO AND FRANCISCA,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

MRS. ROBERT DERING.

LONDON:
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, 5, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1849.



HERTFORD:

Printed by GEORGE SIMSON, Jun., Fore Street.

THESE
LITTLE POEMS

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

AS A

Sister's Offering,

TO

SIR GEORGE SHEE, BART.

FROM WHOM THEY WILL ASSUREDLY FIND
THE KIND INDULGENCE THEY
NEED.

P R E F A C E.

I fain would hope these trifling lays may earn
Your favour, Reader, whilst the leaves you turn;
For it may chance a poor and humble strain,
The fancy or the feelings may enchain.
That which 'tis sweet to hear, may haply say,
And wile a sad or weary hour away.

Albeit, in this our land, and this our time,
Well nigh unheeded is the sound of Rhyme,
Unless some Giant Mind's poetic fire,
Awe the cold world to listen and admire;
A simple verse sometimes its work may do,
And may these strains succeed in pleasing you!
In moods how various, various Readers look
On the same verses in the self same book;

To one they speak a language all unknown,
And breathe out feelings all unlike his own.
The same unskilful strains another reads,
And on their ev'ry line delighted feeds;
Because they lead him back to childhood's days,
When first he listen'd to Poetic lays,
And felt the magic influence of verse,
In murmur'd music chaunted by his nurse.
Some Hymn she sang, which taught his infant mind
A Saviour's love for him, and all mankind:
And he would listen! till his fancy flew
To Heav'n, and all its glories met his view.
Who has not known such dreams in early days
Of innocence?—such dreams of prayer and praise;
And almost thought to catch a heavenly strain:
Oh! for the dreams of childhood once again!

Verse breathes the words of sympathy to all,
And joy, and sorrow, can alike recall;
Nor does it lose the pow'r to touch the heart,
As stage by stage of life we see depart;
Oh! no—in later life's more toilsome day,
When cares and crosses thickly crowd our way,

Some verse the weary agèd eye may meet,
Which once again awakes emotions sweet;
Which wipes the blight from hopes and mem'ries vain,
And brings back youth, and hope, and joy, again.

Deal gently then with Verse—for you may find,
Tho' poor! it brings to you some message kind;
A mem'ry soft of years long past and gone,
A twilight of an op'ning Blessed Dawn!
And here I pray you! kind indulgence feel,
And with these humble Verses gently deal.

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ERRATUM.

Page 125, line 13—for "fine," read "price."

HUMBLE SORROWS.

PART I.

The Cottage Window.

LOOK to the East!—for 'tis a pleasant sight
When breaks the morning from the veil of night.
And “as a giant,”* when the rising sun
Rejoices on his mighty course to run,
The slumb'ring World again awakes and lives,
And God to thankless man fresh blessings gives ;
40 The sons of Earth with pitying eye reviews,
And their frail breath of life again renews.
Look to the East!—if better thou wouldst know,
From whose kind hand thy daily mercies flow.

* Psalm 19, v. 5.

Look to the East!—if better thou wouldst learn,
Thy praises to thy Maker to return.
If none but God can bid the sun arise,
Tis none but God thy daily wants supplies ;
Yet there be many eyes that never see
The sights of glory which at sunrise be.
Or, if they saw them, scarce would condescend
To God's own works and wonders to attend.
Some artist's eye perchance with genius bold
Enraptur'd sees another day unfold,
And fascinated—gazes on a sight
Which well his taste and fancy may delight—
Freshens the hues that on his pallet lie,
And imitates the glories of the sky.

Some lover starting from a dream of bliss
Thinks the Heav'ns mock him with a scene like this,
And show a pageant to his waking eye
Unreal, as his night visions now gone by.

Some weary sufferer turns upon his bed
And raises once again his aching head,
To see whilst yet his pow'rs of sight remain
The sun in all his glory rise again.

And lifts his poor transparent hands to pray,
That he may wake to a more perfect day.

Some evil doer sees the sky grow red
And feels a sword suspended o'er his head,
And thinks, "Ah! would there were no rising sun
To shine upon the deeds that I have done."

Some worshipper who loves God's Holy Law
Looks to the East with fervour and with awe,
And clasps his hands in prayer, and bends his knees,
And cries, "Thank God! for mercies such as these,
That I am counted worthy to partake
A glimpse of Heav'n, when I from sleep awake;
And feel the sunshine's warm and genial glow,
And the fresh breeze of morning o'er me blow:
May sunrise evermore my teacher be,
In all God's works, the work of God to see."

A gentle maiden, as the morning fair,
Looks to the East whilst day is dawning there;
And wonders whether her beloved one,
Like her is looking at the rising sun.

'Tis thro' an humble casement's open pane
That streams the cheering light of day again;
And eyes that well on beauteous sights may feast
Look from that cottage window to the East.
A humble dwelling may sometimes contain,
A vast amount of happiness or pain,
And Natures strangely varied—mingled there;
The food and fire and shelt'ring roof may share.
Love—may around such various natures twine,
The dull awaken—and the rude refine.
But woe be to the home,—the barren spot,
Or great or small, where gentle love is not.
And yet more woeful than all other woe,
Is that the ardent soul is doom'd to know,
When link'd in wedlock's dear and holy bands,
With one who all affection's charms withstands ;
When one who wishes not to please or bless
Is link'd with patience, truth, and tenderness :
A heart as hard as flint—as cold as snow,
With thoughts and feelings of intensest glow.

Such were the Parents of that Maiden bright,
Who watched the beams of day break forth from night.

A Father—cold, tyrannical, austere :
A Mother—all that renders woman dear.
They had in youth's sweet early time been wed,
When most profusely life's delights are shed,
And when the hearts and hands that lovers give,
Bid fair to hold together whilst they live.
But youth's bright sky too soon is overcast,
When the heart's fond emotions all are past.
And Janet's Heaven grew black with many a cloud,
Soon as her wedded faith and love were vow'd ;
A free and happy heart did she confide
To Anselms' care, when she became his bride ;
She gave it truthfully at his appeal,
And took him for her own in woe or weal.
In all sincerity, resolved to share
Her husband's ev'ry joy and ev'ry care ;
Her ev'ry duty cheerfully perform,
And love him ever with affection warm.
Her pure and unsuspecting mind was slow
Unkindness and deceitfulness to know,
And with amazement, day by day she learn'd
That all her tenderness was unreturn'd.
Here was a heavy trial to endure,
When she of Anselm's heart had been so sure ;

But she had still to learn how wearily
Do loveless days of wedded life pass by—
How droops the heart by cold unkindness check'd,
Which had look'd on to years with pleasures deck'd ;
If she had seen his love to others giv'n,
To woo it back she ardently had striv'n ;
But stern, unyielding, cold—that heart within :
Too well she knew there was no love to win.

Woe to the heart whose sorrow—at the best
Is but the subject of an idle jest ;
The heart which sighs for fondness like its own,
But seeks it in a pulseless heart of stone.
And such the burden Janet had to bear,
A load of disappointment, trouble, care ;
Beneath it all her courage seem'd to fail,
Her lovely eyes grew dim, her cheeks grew pale.
The burthen was in meekest patience borne,
But by a spirit broken and forlorn.

Her loving heart requited less and less,
Sank at the sight of others' happiness.
Call it not envy—find a gentler name,
Such pains to designate, and not to blame.

Well can we fancy joys we never knew,
Joys—hidden ever from our longing view,
Or seen at glimpses in another's lot,
But to ourselves (less happy) granted not,
Woe to the heart whose portion 'tis to feel :
Alone in Life, alone in woe or weal,
Till its scant joys it almost would forego—
To taste of sweet companionship in woe.

But sunlight visited her darken'd day,
Cradled within her arms a daughter lay.
Repulsed and stifled love broke forth afresh,
Upon her precious babe—her bone and flesh.
And years fled by, and on that daughter's head,
Were graces added by each year that fled.
A sweet and noble nature had the child,
Tho' gentle, stedfast—resolute, tho' mild ;
And in her tranquil and courageous mind,
Her Mother soon began support to find.
For when harass'd by usage hard to bear,
Redoubled were her daughter's love and care ;
Yet ever honoured she her Father too,
And thus each filial duty strove to do.

And oft her Father's nature—hard and rude—
Before her gentle sweetness was subdued.
She would sometimes, his angry moods to check,
Approach and throw her arms around his neck :
“Nay, Father, patience ! be not angry thus,
Or you will break the hearts of both of us.”

So spake the lips of his bewitching child.
And oft the demon of his wrath beguil'd :
Pow'r to resist her prayers he could not find,
She was so fearless, beautiful, and kind.

'Twas not in nature, but she must be proud
That he before her fascinations bow'd,
And that in childhood's and in girlhood's days,
She thus could rule him by her winning ways.
But though she thus could guide him at her will,
The Tyrant charm'd, remain'd a tyrant still.
And when to love's sweet voice she listen'd first,
Upon her head parental anger burst :
But not till she had lov'd too well and long,
To break at once a link become so strong.
It was by imperceptible degrees
That Godwin had acquir'd his pow'r to please.

He courted Laura with a love so true,
Each word and look and accent seem'd to sue.
In church he sat, not far from Laura's place,
And oft would catch a glance of her sweet face;
Sometimes he at her father's house would call,
And chat with father, mother, daughter, all.
Sometimes a friend the lovers would invite,
And then they pass'd an evening of delight.
Tho' even yet perchance they scarcely knew
Why on such rapid wings those evenings flew.
Altho' to each the world became so fair,
It seem'd that nought but bliss could sojourn there,
And Godwin would go home to dream of joy
Unspeakable—and free from Earth's alloy.

All this!—the maiden strove not to conceal,
She rather sought her feelings to reveal;
Whilst all the time her father doubting still,
If really she could dare to thwart his will.
Saw love it's influence o'er the lovers spread,
But vow'd in secret they should never wed;
He felt a certain cowardice withhold
His tongue from speaking what he should have told.

Such is the power which noble minds possess,
O'er those who stoop to wrong and littleness.
But only for a time—'twill pass away,
When the soul's demon next asserts it's sway,
To rule with all the more exclusive pow'r
Because it's reign was check'd for one short hour.

Now Anselm felt asham'd his child to tell,
That he, her favour'd lover lik'd not well;
Scarce could himself the reason have assign'd,
A mass of selfish reasons rul'd his mind:
The most excusable, his selfish fear,
Of losing one that even he held dear.

The wish that when she married, he should see
A rich man chos'n, his son-in-law to be :
And the more strong than any, and the worst,
And one that influenc'd him from the first—
The stubborn resolution to oppose,
No matter who—the mate his daughter chose.
The others might be overcome some day,
This one was little like to pass away.

Once Godwin had a happy hour enjoy'd
With his belov'd, in cheerful talk employ'd :
The mother as themselves almost was gay,
And quickly pass'd that ev'ning sweet away.
In brooding humour Anselm silent sat,
But this occur'd too oft to wonder at,
And no one guess'd till Godwin had withdrawn,
The storm that was to burst when he was gone :
It burst in angry torrents of abuse—
No efforts to appease him were of use ;
But when at last its rage seem'd somewhat spent,
Then Laura rose, and to her father went
And said, with playful smile and wond'ring eyes,
“ Father, we'll see ! you take me by surprise.”
He struck the table with his heavy hand,
And star'd as if he scarce could understand,
And with some mutter'd threats again he swore,
His child should never see her lover more,
Then drain'd a glass and rose with noisy tread,
And seized a candle, and went up to bed.

Alas ! it is a mournful sight to see
Home's saintly peace profan'd by such as he.

HUMBLE SORROWS.

PART II.

The Fair.

YE think who put your broider'd vestments on,
And wear the brightest gems that ever shone,
And in your clear and lofty mirrors trace,
A graceful figure and bewitching face,
And tresses, which in rich profusion deck
A graceful head, and sweep a beauteous neck,
Ye think that loveliness is yours alone.
And oh ! it most supremely is your own ;
But if 'tis you that beauty loves the best,
She sometimes lights upon the lowliest,
And makes their form and face so passing fair
That gems and rich attire were useless there.

In bedroom small, a small deal table see,
With snowy cloth—tho' coarse its texture be.
And see a Bible and a Prayer Book there
For daily use—for reading and for prayer ;
And there a mirror stands—that honest seer
Who speaks the truth—delightful or severe.

One stands before it who need little dread
The truths it tells, however truly said.
Her dress is humble—modest is her mien,
Yet looks she noble, graceful as a queen.
What sweet expressions o'er her features play :
Soft pleasant looks—most innocent and gay ;
The eyes of Angels, which from Heav'n look down,
Might well be like those eyes of softest brown ;
Dark chestnut tresses of the self-same shade,
Beside the face in shining folds are laid,
Contrasting with the sunny cheeks which glow
With flushing tints the rose can scarcely show :
Perfect and delicate the gazer's face,
The gazer's form all beauty and all grace.
Oh ! for the mirror of some Courtly Belle
The truth and the whole truth at once to tell,

That small square glass, can but suffice to dress,
The glossy hair in all it's plenteousness:
Can but suffice to make the light heart beat,
And long the lover's glance of love to meet.
Will he be there?—Oh yes, he surely must,
Or else his word she never more will trust.

One long look more, and she the stairs descends,
To wait for the arrival of her friends,
Who come to take her with them to the Fair,
And all the Village-World are hast'ning there.
She seeks the parlour where her parents are,
They look at her with feelings different far;
Her father scarcely looking, coldly asks,
If she has finished all her household tasks;
"Yes, Father!—all is done I had to do,
And I have finished now my toilette too."
Here! was a challenge to a father's eye!
Shall no parental glance be his reply?
One gentle look upon his child is thrown,
For she is lovely, and she is his own.
But churlishly he searches in his mind,
Striving some chilling, hurtful speech to find,

“Is Godwin coming to the favour’d spot?”
“I hope so, Father!”—“Aye! and I hope not.”
The friends are waiting, and she must away,
She bids “Good Bye” in accents kind and gay,
Is strained with fondness to her mother’s heart,
And her light steps in joyful haste depart.

This Father harsh and cold, would not destroy
His Daughter’s happiness, when full of joy;
But—clos’d the door behind the daughter’s tread,
Then bursts a storm upon her mother’s head.
Ill wishes coupled with poor Godwin’s name,
On Wife and Daughter heap’d a load of blame.
The Mother fond, rejoices thus to bear,
With her own miseries, her Daughter’s share.
A few soft tears by him unheeded fall:
’Tis for her daughter that she sheds them all.
The tears are quickly dried, and she once more
Thinks her own thoughts in silence o’er and o’er.

The Fair was on a lovely summer’s day,
And on the earth the golden sunshine lay;
And ’twas a pleasant sight the groups to trace,
Who from all sides were hast’ning to the place.

Booths one and all were dress'd in *Gala* suit,
And counters spread with toys and cakes, and fruit,
And articles of dress, which woman's eye
Looked wistfully upon, as it passed by,
Or those whose purse was somewhat better lin'd,
Boldly selected what was to their mind.

It were too long to tell you all the shows
Those op'ning doors and curtains could disclose :
The Giant, in his loftiness and might :
The Dwarf, who thought himself a nobler sight :
The Conjuror, who "Balls in circles" threw
And told you all you'd done and meant to do.
The growling beast of prey, with outstretch'd paw,
Who look'd destruction upon all he saw.
The Theatre, where silver coins were paid
To see the dancers graceless feats display'd,
To clanging music's overpowering sound ;
Their gaudy tinsel garbs with dust embrown'd.
Come a few paces where the sward is green,
And groups *ad infinitum* may be seen.
Come here and sit you down and you shall see,
A sight I freely own has charms for me ;

A village dance beneath a cloudless sky,
The young are dancing, and the old sit by.
The dancers' faces look so young and fair ;
The music sounds so softly in the air :
All look so happy just for a brief space,
It does one good to catch each cheerful face.

But I dissemble and my words are vain ;
There's but one here I care to see again,
I seek that face, we saw it's glass before,
I want to watch that angel face once more,
And others here there are as well as me,
Who watch that bright and pleasant face to see ;
And many in an eager whisper plead,
That graceful creature to the dance to lead.
Grace is inborn !—indwelling in the mind—
Something mysterious—exquisite—refin'd.
It gives a magic charm without a name
To ev'ry gesture of the graceful frame ;
Those of it's charms devoid, it's power admit,
It's influence feel, and fondly bow to it.
'Tis no display that from vain glory flows,
Tho' it a certain self approval shows :

An elegance, a fitness, that delight,
And make the simplest actions please the sight.

Partners are pressing round the rural belle,
No scornful looks their overtures repel;
Some are ill-star'd, and a refusal meet,
But e'en refusal from her lips sounds sweet:
So true, so just, the reason she explains,
That acquiescence it at least constrains;
But, one steps forward with admiring glance,
And claims her hand for the ensuing dance—
That dance had promis'd been an hour ago,
And in the gentlest way she told him so—
She marked his glance suspicious, rude and vex'd,
As in harsh tone he ask'd her for the next.
Alas! for that one too, she was engag'd,
And now a storm within his bosom rag'd.
He harshly beg'd to know each partner's name,
Her hand for each was plighted to the same;
But there was that in her admirer's eye,
That made her cautious how she should reply.
She said " 'Twas Godwin asked me for those two,
But I scarce know as yet what we shall do.

So many shows there here around us be,
My friends may wish that we some sight may see."

A dwarf, a giant, or a beast of prey,
Scarce lure a beauty from a dance away;
But her tormentor's fierce defying stare,
More than a wild beast's eyeballs seem'd to glare,
And she resolv'd, tho' 'twas a trial sore,
That she would dance with Godwin but once more.

They danc'd—and happy Godwin held that hand,
He deem'd the richest prize in Britain's land;
And met that sunny smile which but to meet,
Was bliss, than ev'ry other bliss more sweet:
And felt a glance reflected in his own,
Which from no eyes but Laura's could have shone.
They danc'd—the happy moments vanish'd fast—
Too bright to end so soon—too bright to last.

A PRESAGE.

The beauty is disrob'd—a wrapper white
Enfolds her form on that eventful night;
Her hair is closely braided round her head,
Her cheeks have lost their lovely roses red;

And one is resting on her folded hands,
And there once more her glass before her stands.
But not into that mirror looks she now ;
And there is thought upon her youthful brow ;
Her downcast eyes are fix'd upon her book,
With an intense, and grave, and holy look ;
And yet her thoughts are otherwise at work,
And earthly feelings in her bosom lurk ;
So hard it is her ev'ry care to throw,
On Him ! who help and comfort can bestow.
And she with shame repeatedly discerns,
How to the things of earth her mind returns,
And how she dwells upon the busy scene,
To her so new !—where she has lately been.
On all—her mother may have had to bear,
Whilst she was gay and happy at the fair ;
And on the anger Reuben there betray'd,
Which on her mind a deep impression made ;
And Godwin's parting look of fond regret,
She sees before her eyes depicted yet :
Till of the scene she had so much enjoy'd,
She feels the gay impression all destroy'd.

A PRESAGE,

which she cannot understand,
Comes o'er her as if sorrow were at hand ;

When lo ! her eyes the promise chance to see,
In troubles sore shall God deliver thee,*
And feels it chide her culpable mistrust,
Of God's good help to mortals' feeble dust.
And she her lattic'd casement open throws,
And feels the balmy air of night that blows;
Admires the Heav'ns which mortals here can see,
And trusts, her portion, Heaven one day may be.
The air of night comes softly to her face,
And cheerful hope resumes it's fitting place;
Her casement closing, down she kneels to pray,
And all her fears and fancies pass away.

She prays that God, her parents dear may bless,
May grant her mother peace, and happiness;
And with a gentle sigh, for Godwin prays,
Besecching Heav'n to guard him all his days;
Next, for herself, God's favor she intreats,
And a confession of her faults repeats;
And then a few calm moments she employs,
In thanks for all the blessings she enjoys:
Then she remembers Reuben's looks unkind,
And gently asks for him a better mind,

And blessings that shall make his heart content,
And prays that all his life be rightly spent.

Let those who would refreshing slumbers share,
Like her be earnest in their nightly prayer.
She gently sinks upon her snowy bed,
And on her pillow lays her beauteous head;
And soon she tastes such calm and sweet repose,
As round her lips a smile enchanted throws.

HUMBLE SORROWS.

PART III.

The Morning Meal.

THE morning dawns again, all rosy red,
And Heaven's effulgence on the Earth is shed:
A family partake their morning meal,
And child and mother sunshine's presence feel.
Well may the good and gentle love it's beams,
Their glorious light a fav'ring token seems.

And Anselm sits in his accustom'd place,
But why that look of triumph on his face?
And when he speaks, he asks them with a sneer,
If they at leisure are, his news to hear?
He looks from each to each—his glances say,
He means to feast his eyes on their dismay.

Then burst the words from his malicious tongue,
"Here's Godwin taken up and may be hung !
'Tis on a charge of murder—proofs are strong,
And all will probably come out ere long."

Hearts ceas'd to beat—but lofty looks replied,
They would not by such tales be terrified :
"The truth you're welcome to believe or no,
But Godwin is a murderer, time will show.
A sickness—faintness—weight on heart and chest—
A deadly fear for him her soul loves best.
Laura with face as white as ghost's could be,
Murmurs—"Oh Lord be merciful to me."
But when she sees with her distracted eye,
Her mother's look of utter agony;
She rousing—gently leads her to the air,
And says—"Oh mother !—Heav'n will hear our prayer,
Some evil chance I fear there has occur'd,
But truth and justice must and will be heard,
When you revive I'll to some neighbour go;
Some neighbour kind the facts will let us know.

She goes—and hears the fatal news again,
Tho' told regretfully in sorrow's strain :

And soften'd by assurances that they
Who speak them, do not credit what they say.
They gently beg that she will take a seat,
And they the painful rumour will repeat.
Reuben in Harts-foot Wood had murder'd been,
The hour of nine and break of day between;
And they no living creature yet could trace,
But Godwin only to the fatal place;
He had been seen to leave the fair, and go
To Harts-foot Wood where Reuben was laid low;
There Reuben first had gone—it was his way,
As near that wood his father's cottage lay.
The question had been rais'd—Had there been ought,
Which could a quarrel have between them wrought?
Yes—they were rivals at the village dance,
For the same partner, and her fav'ring glance;
Provok'd and disappointed each appear'd,
And some declared that they had mischief fear'd.
Reuben had in displeasure left the fair,
And left it early, leaving Godwin there;
But Godwin also left the fair, when he
Was from his rival's presence just set free;
The road, his nearest homeward way had been,
But he too entering the wood was seen;

'Twas not a path 'twas likely he should take,
Since 'twould for him a longer distance make.
Why did he choose it then? it was in vain,
That any strove the reason to explain;
Godwin reach'd home in safety—never more
Did Reuben enter at his father's door.

Well nigh that ill-star'd night had pass'd away,
And streaks of light foretold the coming day;
And Reuben's father felt a chill of fear,
As hours pass'd by and he did not appear.
He started to make search—and glad he felt,
To see a village Guardian's badge and belt;
And told him that his son had not return'd,
And tidings of the fair from him he learn'd;
Then all the facts the father came before,
All criminating Godwin more and more;
And anguish and revenge within his breast,
He vow'd the guilty Godwin to arrest.
The man of badge and belt and yet two more,
The Harts-foot mazes hasten'd to explore;
Threaded it's paths by many a various track,
And soon poor Reuben's lifeless form brought back.

Godwin had ris'n from dreams of bliss—and went,
On seeing Reuben at his home, intent;
When with a warrant in the Sovereign's name,
Two men in badge and belt beside him came;
On the alert their practis'd glances keen,
His entrance of the Harts-foot Wood had seen;
And they had come to trace his steps and see,
What evidence of guilt in him might be;
Before his eyes their warrant they display'd,
And said that he their pris'ner must be made,
He must with them the magistrate attend,
But soon they hop'd his troubles all would end.

The free born Briton sturdily refus'd,
And bade them say of what he was accus'd;
He was “suspected of the darkest crime,”
But counsel'd “silence” till the fitting time;
With flashing eyes, and color mounting high,
A burst of indignation his reply,
He stamp'd the ground, and with a noble air,
Ask'd how they to insult him thus could dare.
Yet felt he 'twas his only plan to go,
Before the magistrate, the truth to know:

And he was now before the magistrate,
But this was all yet known of Godwin's fate.

To Laura's questions such are the replies,
And more and more each answer terrifies;
It is a fearful tale—but God is just—
Man's help is vain—in God she puts her trust.
Alas! what heavy tidings these to bear,
To one who all poor Laura's grief will share.
Laura who never yet had given pain
To her fond mother, must return again,
And tell to her a tale more fraught with woe,
Than ought they dreaded at the first to know.
She meets her mother hast'ning down the street,
With trembling limbs, her darling child to meet.

“What news my daughter? ne'er since thou wast born,
Thy gentle words my heart with grief have torn.”

“My mother! we have sorrow now to bear,
But we must soothe each other's every care.
God sends the sorrow—God will strength bestow
On each of us, to calm the other's woe.

My father's news—alas! was partly true,
I have but little learn'd save what he knew:
My much lov'd Godwin has arrested been,
But oh! his innocence must soon be seen.
They say that he—the gentle, brave, and true:
Thro' jealousy a hapless rival slew.
Weep, weep my mother!—tears thy child hath none,
Thy tears must flow for my beloved one."

We will not think on all the mourners' felt,
Whilst in a fearful prison Godwin dwelt;
Nor on the interview in Godwin's cell,
'Twixt those who one another lov'd so well.
Nor on each cruel taunt, each jest severe,
The mourners had from Anselm's lips to hear;
On Godwin's ruin he appear'd intent,
Yet in his heart he thought him innocent.

In woe—in weakness—sympathy sustains
The loving heart, so long as life remains.
And the poor captive in his loneliness,
Felt he had friends to share in his distress;
To mingle comfort in his cup of woe,
And all the heav'nly balm of love bestow.

And they who mourn'd for Godwin far away,
Together day and night would weep and pray;
And the poor mourners' fears were lull'd to rest,
Whilst they were weeping on each other's breast.

HUMBLE SORROWS.

PART IV.

The Trial.

THE crowd is dense within the heated room,
Where many press to hear poor Godwin's doom.
Some say they come "to hear the murd'rer tried;"
Some their misdeeming thoughts with mercy hide;
Some say on him does no suspicion rest,
And these are they who know his nature best.
The kind are all oppress'd with doubts and fears,
All breathless when the prisoner appears.
It is a sight perhaps ye never saw,
When one accus'd as breaker of the law;
The law of God, and of his native land,
His dreaded trial is led forth to stand.

He comes, the hapless pris'ner thus accus'd,
Till now, to shame so utterly unus'd.
And he before his judges takes his place,
Surveying them with calm and steadfast face;
But his once merry glance is sadden'd now,
And health's bright hues have left his cheek and brow;
Yet honest justice seeming to expect,
He stands with folded arms and head erect.
He marvels what the false tongues have to say,
That his good name can basely take away;
And he devours with eager eyes and ears,
Each look he sees, and ev'ry word he hears.

Now comes the evidence—he had been seen,
As Reuben's rival on the village green.
An evil feeling they had entertain'd,
Tho' they from open discord had refrain'd;
Reuben had in displeasure left the fair,
Godwin had much to make him linger there.
Yet he from thence mysteriously withdrew,
As if he left it Reuben to pursue—
Down a by-path with murd'rous haste he sped,
'Twas not the way that to his dwelling led;

And who? by night would wish to choose a way,
That thro' a wood so dark and dismal lay?
And from that wood a voice was heard to shout—
And from that wood was Godwin seen come out—
And from that wood on the succeeding morn,
Was Reuben's stiff and murder'd body borne.
And this and more did witnesses unfold,
And some their tale with fierce resentment told;
Athirst for vengeance for his murder'd son,
The father—Godwin deemed the guilty one.

And yet did ever guilty blood-stain'd man,
Look as look'd Godwin, since the world began?

The trial still proceeds—and brains are task'd,
And many questions and cross questions ask'd,
And truest witnesses must needs beware
That trivial questions hide a dang'rous snare:
Whilst practised counsel caution the accus'd,
That ought he says may be against him used.
Yet, mighty in his truth and innocence,
In them he trusts for succour and defence;
And patiently abides his time to speak;
God's help can strengthen! tho' man's arm be weak.

And next we hear the pris'ner ask'd that day
If there is ought that further he would say?
And silence follows—such a silence deep
As reigns amidst where the departed sleep.
Ye might have heard in silence so profound
A pin to drop—a death watch faint to sound
Whilst Godwin gratefully prepares to tell
His simple history of what befell.

GODWIN'S DEFENCE.

“ I am, God knows ! this day in fearful straight,
May He avert from me my dreaded fate !
He knows that I am free from murder's stain,
And may He help me—or man's help is vain.
Hear then the truth with patience, from a tongue
Unus'd to speak a list'ning crowd among ;
And bear with me whilst I shall briefly tell
All, which on that dread night to me befell.
It was at nine, perhaps, I left the Fair,
And left it with a heart as light as air—
So light, that I was loath to render sad
Poor Reuben for the cause that made me glad ;

The gentle smiles from a fair maiden gain'd,
And which he grudg'd to see I had obtain'd.
I had observ'd my rival's angry glance
As the fair maiden I led forth to dance,
And notic'd his displeas'd and sullen stare
As if he saw us only, at the Fair.
And then I miss'd him, and I sought him long,
And ask'd for him—of many in the throng—
At last, I, in reply, heard some one say,
'That tho' still early, he had gone away.'
Still haunted by poor Reuben's fallen look
The way he would go home I quickly took,
Thro' Hartsfoot Wood—'twas God who led me there
For some wise end—and I will not despair—
He knows! I follow'd Reuben but to seek
Occasion just a few kind words to speak,
Hoping that I his anger might dispel
When I to him my history should tell;
Should tell him that the maiden he admir'd
My ev'ry hope and joy in life inspir'd.
I had no cause displeas'd with him to be,
And he was anger'd causelessly with me;
But that he was offended—well I knew
And that on me he cruel censure threw,

I pitied him, whom thus I saw repine
For not possessing what I hop'd! was mine.
A treasure !—but too sacred is such bliss
To speak of in a public throng like this:
I pitied Reuben in my inmost heart
And long'd to him some comfort to impart.
For this I follow'd on the way he went,
My heart and soul on peace and kindness bent,
Tho'—true enough—'twas not my homeward way,
And thro' a wood's most lonesome depths it lay.

“ I walk'd into the wood at rapid pace,
I long'd to speak with him—to see his face.
There was a point where various ways diverg'd
Which from the wood on diff'rent sides emerg'd:
I felt at fault, and shouted Reuben's name,
But no responsive shout or sound their came ;
Again, and yet again, that name I cried
But all around was silent—none replied.
He might have had some time the start of me
And might e'er then beyond the woodland be,
Or he perchance was sullen and disdain'd
To answer one who had his feelings pain'd.

The wood I travers'd—and no trace had seen
Of Reuben since our parting on the green;
So, disappointed, I went on my way
Resolv'd to speak to him at break of day.
At Blackbirds' Dell I from the wood came out;
A woodman ask'd if I had heard a shout?
I said, to Reuben, I had shouted there,
But that I could not find him anywhere.

“ So home I went, and lay me down to rest;
Still on my heart the thought of Reuben press'd;
I sigh'd to think that peace I could not make
With him, 'till in the morning we should wake.

“ So ere I went my morning's work to do
His dwelling anxiously I hurried to;
But just as thitherward my steps were bent
A man in badge and belt ask'd where I went?
I told him where I went, but said not why:
He seem'd resolv'd the way I went to spy—
And turning eagerly to him—I said
'Is ought the matter?' 'Tis, that Reuben's dead—'
I seized his arm, and look'd at him—and cried
' Good Heav'n! what mean you? tell me how he died!'

‘ That is what none as yet have car’d to tell;
But those must speak the truth who know it well.’

“ The man of badge and belt close by me walk’d
And kept his eye upon me as we talk’d.

“ A shudd’ring horror o’er my senses crept
As still that man his place beside me kept,
And I was sure, as sure I am to day,
’Twas thought I had with Reuben made away.
Say not the guilty only think such things—
Suspicion to the guiltless, horror brings:
For who could see their steps thus dogg’d and track’d
And not by every word and glance be rack’d.
Could I have felt at ease, when all the time
I knew I was suspected of a crime?
The Woodman might have happen’d to relate
The words that pass’d between us at the gate :
This, and a dozen other things combin’d,
With vague perplexing fears to fill my mind.

“ And still the man walk’d on in badge and belt,
And in an evil spirit’s power I felt.

“ Poor Reuben’s body was what next I saw,
And gazed on it with sorrow and with awe;
I stood within the presence of the dead—
A sword of vengeance hung above my head;
I strove not my emotion deep to hide,
But gaz’d in horror—stunn’d, and petrified.
Now hear the broken-hearted and forlorn—
I am as guiltless as a babe unborn;
And this before my Maker I declare—
If false, His mercy may I never share.
I nothing know beyond what you have heard—
I am in ignorance of what occur’d;
And He who can bring forth the glorious Light
At Sunrise, from the darksome veil of night,
Oh, may He cleanse my name from this dark spot,
And save me from a death I merit not.

“ I had resolv’d as soon as morning smil’d,
To ask poor Reuben to be reconciled;
But morning broke upon his lifeless clay,
And saw me as a pris’ner led away.
I stood accus’d before a Magistrate,
Entangled in a strange and evil fate.

In vain I urg'd that I from guilt was free:
'I hope that we shall find it so,' said he.
'At present things a little strange appear,
But by and bye your story we shall hear;
The next Assizes will be soon, you know,
'Tis but for three weeks you to gaol will go.'
Three weeks! Three years pass quicker to the free,
Than those three weary weeks would pass for me;
And three long weeks within a prison's walls
I've liv'd—what pain the very thought recalls.

"So one has paid the forfeit of his life,
Another borne the sharpest mental strife;
And wherefore thus? Oh! what had either done,
But lov'd too fondly an angelic one.
God knows, who form'd us both, poor Sons of Clay,
Who meet no more until the Judgment Day;
God knows! I am as guiltless of his blood,
As were the Patriarchs before the flood;
God knows! I would my every stiver give,
If I could only bid poor Reuben live.
And words like these could a Believer speak,
Who knows that he is helpless, poor, and weak—

A reed—a straw within his Maker's hand,
And to defy his Maker boldly stand ?
Oh ! for such words as could your minds persuade
That I have not these hands on Reuben laid !
But if you think that I the deed have done,
And if my course on Earth is well nigh run,
May God support me in my dying hour,
Nor leave my soul in Satan's dreaded pow'r.
God's will be done ! I have no more to say :
Now, Jurymen, my cause with patience weigh."

'Twas not the words that hapless Godwin spoke,
Which all the depths of sympathy awoke :
'Twas his convincing truthfulness of tone,
And the bright gleams that from his glances shone,
And the warm flush that lighted up his cheek,
When of his cruel wrongs he had to speak ;
The look devout which from his dark eyes broke,
When reverentially of God he spoke ;
The heavy tears which from his eyes would fall
When he the fate of Reuben would recall ;
And the long look he cast on all around,
As if assur'd that sympathy he found.

All hearts were with him—Jury, Judge, and throng;
All hearts were shaken with emotions strong.

Yet, 'tis a fearful moment, when the time
Is come, to judge a pris'ner for a crime—
That moment is instinct with life or death ;
A fellow-man, how soon, may yield his breath ;
A living form become a lifeless clod,
A trembling soul be sent before its God.

It is that moment now. A murmur deep,
A stifled groan seems thro' the crowd to sweep.
'Tis hush'd: a movement slight divides the throng—
Two female forms are borne and led along.

Some hate an interruption, and resent
Aught that disturbs them, when on aught intent;
And a voice angrily exclaims, "What now!
Friends of the Prisoner's!—a bad set, I trow."
Disdainful cries of "Shame!" the voice reprove,
And pitying hands the sinking forms remove.

There is a stir without! the echoing street
Rings to the gallop of four horses' feet;

Four beauteous bays stop suddenly before
The Court House, with its throng'd and open door;
But whilst the wheels yet turn, the hooves yet bound,
Forms from the carriage leap upon the ground;
And soon all hearts are with the tidings stirr'd,
Another Witness comes, and must be heard!

Now, he with whom that other witness came,
Was great in talents, character, and name;
And very few there are who dare defy
Position, character, and bearing high.
He with profound respect the Court address'd,
And for his bold intrusion grief express'd;
But facts he felt he must before them lay,
Had come before his knowledge but that day.
He said the Youth now standing by his side,
Had evidence to give he might not hide;
As Human Life or Death were now at stake,
He such disclosures must unshrinking make.

It was a humble Youth that stood by him,
Of frame most fragile, though of active limb;
He might perchance have twenty summers seen,
But was a very stripling in his mien.

To tell a startling tale the Youth stood here,
Where few without emotion could appear,
And a slight tremor pass'd across his frame,
As to the place for witnessess he came.
All trembled, lest the pale and trembling Youth
Should scarce have nerve to utter all the truth.
And ev'ry eye was now upon him turn'd,
Wond'ring what could from such as he be learned.

But when to speak the perfect truth he swore,
His heart, 'twould seem, gain'd courage more and more,
As if he felt God's eye was on him then,
And there was nought he had to fear from men:
Brow-beat, cross-questioned, still he told his Tale
Unflinchingly, tho' with a visage pale.

EVIDENCE OF THE YOUNG WITNESS.

" 'Twas on the Ev'ning of the fatal day,
I through a lonesome lane pursued my way,
And feeling tir'd and spent, a spot I chose
Where I might lay me down and take repose;
I slept, it may have been two hours away:
For I lay down whilst Ev'ning yet was grey.

And high the moon had ris'n when I awoke,
And fancied some one near me softly spoke;
I still was striving to shake off my sleep
When steps I heard along the pathway creep,
And three men, to my terror and dismay,
Sat themselves down just close to where I lay.
They spoke in whispers, why I could not tell,
But tried to catch the words that from them fell;
Those words I never never shall forget,
By day, by night, I seem to hear them yet,
But fear'd I into trouble might be brought
If of their converse I repeated ought;
They spoke of some one who was at the Fair,
And said 'twas well that that they had watch'd him there;
And wondered why he such a fool had been,
As thus to let his purse of gold be seen.

One whisper'd 'Well his gold no more he'll show,
You taught him caution when you struck your blow.'

" 'What matters it who knock'd him on the head,
We all agreed 'twere better he were dead.'

" 'I never touched him,' said another voice,
'Nor yet should you if I had had my choice.'

“They quarrel’d next, and many a mutter’d word
About king’s evidence, I thought I heard,
And hanging comrades to ensure escape,
And harsh reproaches form’d in ev’ry shape.
Then, as if frighten’d, one I heard to say,
‘We must be friends till we can get away:
Or he who lies the Harts-foot Wood within,
May yet tell tales to hang us for this sin.’

“And next I heard them counting up their gold,
And sov’reigns four, and silver coins were told,
And they consulted whether there to stay
Or whether hasten on to get away.
One gruffly whispered ‘I will not stay here,
Whilst sitting still one’s shadow makes one fear.
Let us go on with boldness to the Town,
And drink, till we have drunk our terrors down,
Here are four Sovereigns odd amongst us all,
This is the way—great peril—booty small.
I thought I heard a horse behind—Oh, run,
A bad night’s work is this that we have done.’

“I saw them better as they rose to go,
Those men I feel that I again should know,

One man was tall—he wore a fustian coat,
And a red neckerchief around his throat;
And it was he, who wish'd the deed undone,
And spoke as blaming the more guilty one.
An oilskin hat—a neckerchief of blue,
I think on one or other met my view,
One wore a frock, or somewhat of that sort;
And he was built of sturdy frame—tho' short;
'Twas he, it would appear, who struck the blow
Which laid their poor unhappy victim low.

“The other was in figure short and slight,
And said but little on that awful night:
He seem'd, I thought, the youngest of the three,
Misguided by the others he might be;
They gave the purse of gold to him to hide,
And carefully he plac'd it by his side;
He wore a coat—'twas all that I could see,
He was the furthest of them all from me.”

“The voices of the men, tho' speaking low,
Oh, Yes! those voices I again should know;
And as if 'twere ordain'd for justice's sake,
It was with stam'ring tongue the murd'rer spake;

This may reveal him in some dark retreat,
And bring him forth his rightful fate to meet.

“Now since that fearful hour, I’ve never known
One happy moment I could call my own ;
I knew my silence wrong’d my country’s Laws,
Yet hop’d my silence no real harm would cause;
With all my dreams those horrors have been mix’d,
In some the murd’rer’s eyes are on me fix’d;
I’ve liv’d in dread, in horror, in despair,
Expecting shame and punishment to share ;
Yet coward that I was, I still conceal’d
What conscience whisper’d, ought to be reveal’d.

‘It was by chance, ’twas told me yesterday,
Of this poor Godwin who in prison lay
Charg’d with the murder which that night was done,
And thought by all to be the guilty one.
And it was then, more loudly conscience spoke,
And to my slighted duties, I awoke.
Lose not a moment (conscience cried) but go
And all thou know’st to thy late master show,
He will advise thee what is best to do
And he will guide thee all thy troubles through:

I hasten'd to him at the break of day;
He heard the first few words I had to say
Then order'd round his carriage, brought me here
And bade me tell the truth and never fear."

Short time the Jury now will have to sit
To scan the case and to decide on it,
'Tis a light labour now on them devolves
Each word the witness speaks the myst'ry solves.

There is a stir without, once more the street
Rings to the hurried tread of horses' feet;
Three prisoners handcuff'd, the police convey,
Before the Court in all its dread array.
Oh! see the witness who had spoken last,
As soon as he his eyes has on them cast:
A flush of crimson overspreads his cheek,
And with a start he forward comes to speak
"The witness of my truth, may Heav'n now be
Those are the men that I before me see."

And the police accuse their pris'ners now,
And ask in haste, "How goes the trial? How?
At least we hope the verdict is not past,
For the right men we think we've got at last.

It was last night into a house they broke
But by good luck the master of it woke,
He shouted loud—first locking in the men,
Fast in the room where they were robbing then;
By a most lucky chance we were close by,
And heard the master for assistance cry;
Just then a window some one open threw,
And close beneath it noiselessly I drew:
A man from thence sprang softly on the ground,
I caught him, and his hands I quickly bound;
Whilst my companion threaten'd with a shout
To shoot the next man who should dare jump out.
Now with the master's help, the other two
Were taken ere they well knew what to do.
And thus—that they were pris'ners all—they found
Their booty lost—their hands in fetters bound.
Two doggedly submitted to their fate
As if they deem'd resistance was too late;
One, tried not to escape—resist or ought,
But mercy in an humble tone besought;
The youngest of them all he seem'd to be,
And said he something wish'd to tell to me,
And ask'd if pity he might hope to find,
By telling all that was upon his mind?

But, 'twas this morning only he reveal'd,
The crime within their guilty hearts conceal'd.
The poor man murder'd found in Harts-foot Wood,
And for whose fearful death he understood
A guiltless man this morning would be tried,
Was murder'd by the pris'ner at my side;
His other comrade too had robb'd the dead,
But had not hurt a hair upon his head:
And he was present—would he had not been
And with unwilling eyes the deed had seen :
He had not known the man would murder'd be,
Or he that crime had never stood to see.

“ Mute witnesses moreover—witness bore—
A chain of steel which Reuben ever wore,
A knife which had in his possession been,
A purse which many in his hands had seen.

“ And next before the eyes of all around
Were shown the weapons on the robbers found :
A pointed knife with murd'rous edges keen,
A bludgeon with a leaden head, were seen :
And fearful testimony bore to all
That chance of mercy from those men was small.

“ Yet one proof more—if that should but appear,
The pris’ner’s guilt would then indeed be clear;
The stamm’ring speech whereof the witness spake
The chain of evidence would perfect make;
He spoke—his speech that proof before them laid,
And full persuasion of his guilt convey’d:
A few strict questions—a few stern replies,
A few fierce glances shot from restless eyes,
A resolute refusal to say more,
And that day’s searching of the case was o’er.
Three sep’rate cells three wretched men enclos’d;
Three wretched men that night in chains repos’d.

Leave we these men,—’tis not our task to trace
Their course to condemnation and disgrace.
One—died the fearful death that felons die;
One—liv’d and died where captives toil and sigh;
And the least guilty had a three months share
Of prison labour, and of prison fare.

Now let us look upon a gentler sight:
On Godwin’s triumph and his glances bright:
In innocence and honour see he stands,
The chains have fallen from his guiltless hands.

Oh!—never may the felon's cell again
One of such high integrity contain.

“The Jury have pronounc'd him innocent,
The Judge deplores his time in prison spent,
And wishes him a lot from ills as free
As any lot on earth below can be.
And what! Oh, what! is Godwin's bearing now?
He whose brave spirit could no perils bow,
How will he now the change of fortune bear
Which has so suddenly become his share?
A manly heart can much of ill sustain,
And hide the outward signs of grief and pain:
But when the grief and pain are past and gone
And the dark shadows of despair withdrawn,
Joy rushes in, in such a gushing tide,
In vain the heart would its emotion hide;
And Godwin's voice so full and firm before
Scarce seems as if its tones could utter more,
Yet to the Judge his choking words express
Thanks which though brief, are full of thankfulness;
And to the Jury who his cause have weigh'd,
With fervour his acknowledgements are made;

His tearful eyes to Heav'n with fervour rais'd
More than could words—express “the Lord be prais'd,”
And the kind glance that he around him throws,
His warm thanks on his fellow-men bestows.
Misgivings, doubts, and censures put to shame,
All lips are lauding Godwin's rescued name:
All tongues their fervent gratulations pour,
And a loud cheer greets Godwin at the door.

See! four blood bays their master now await
In haughty haste before the court-house gate,
And—let them wait—for he has work to do,
He, wounded hearts must whisper comfort to.
But those for whom he searches,—Where are they?
Did no one heed them when they went away?
They cannot have gone far, one seem'd so ill;
See, if they are about the court-house still!

He seeks and finds them in a room below:
One what is passing scarcely seems to know;
The younger one her mother's head sustains,
And watches as her senses she regains;
And now she leaves her to another's care,
And seems for fearful tidings to prepare:

She staggers forward—"Kind, Sir! speak it low
My mother could not bear the worst to know.
Can marble speak? for marble scarcely gleams
More white—more lifeless—than poor Laura seems
Yet thinking not of self—she thinks alone
To bear her mother's burthen with her own.

How dear the voice! how beautiful the feet*
Of those who come to us with tidings sweet!
It is a task an angel might desire
Poor stricken hearts with gladness to inspire.
Oh! happy, happy is that stranger's heart,
Who comes the joyful tidings to impart.
His glance has spoken ere his tongue can tell
Those dear life-giving words that "All is well;"
His kindly smile more quick than words can be,
Tells her of Godwin, innocent and free;
"No stain on spotless honour could abide,
Receive thy lover proudly to thy side;
The breath of slander from his name has fled—
He is 'not guilty!' raise thy drooping head."

Oh! bless thee, bless thee; Speak those words once more,
Their healing balm my mother shall restore;

* Isaiah c. 52. v. 7.

May Heav'n pour down a blessing on your head,
For every word of life thy lips have said.

Oh! saw ye ever in this world of woe,
Some child of sorrow smitten and brought low?
Whose life seems flick'ring, ready to be gone
When the last ray of hope shall be withdrawn.
Oh! saw ye ever when that feeble ray
Bursts at God's bidding, into perfect day?
How as the mind the welcome tidings learns,
New life into the prostrate frame returns:
Then can ye fancy how the stranger's voice,
Which calls on the poor sufferer to rejoice,
And how her daughter's warm and gentle kiss,
As she entreats her to awake to bliss,
Deliver from the jaws of death his prey,
And bear the wounded, rescued one away.

We next see Godwin come in eager haste,
The sweets of freedom and of love to taste;
He ventures timidly to Laura's side—
“ Can Laura still be Godwin's willing bride?”
His words again his cherish'd one address,
His hands again her hands with fondness press—

His eyes again upon her beauty feed,
And Godwin yet again is bless'd indeed.
"Thus are my perils, Laura, at an end,
When man is innocent God stands his friend:
But, ah! perchance, there lurks a woe for me,
Worse than the most disgraceful death can be;
Can'st thou accept a hand as free from stain,
From which so lately hung the felon's chain?
Can'st thou degrade thyself to bear a name,
So lately tarnish'd with a murd'rer's shame?
Can'st thou be one, with one but just set free,
Albeit he only cares to live for thee?"

And Laura looks into her lover's face,
Where all that's good and noble she can trace;
Unutterable joy her looks express,
Mix'd with unutterable tenderness.
Words have no part in such emotions deep,
She hides her face upon his neck to weep.

One, gazes on the lovers with delight,
Their meeting is to him a blessed sight.
Their thanks to him are a most blessed sound,
And his kind efforts with success are crowned.

“ Godwin ! I bless’d the hour that brought me here,
Thy friend in thy dark season to appear;
Before I knew how bright a lot would be
Thy portion, if from chains and death set free.
If for such service, as for thee I wrought,
When I a faithful witness hither brought;
Thou wouldst a service render back to me,
Let this sometimes thy supplication be;
On thee whilst all the choicest blessings shine,
Pray Heav’n to grant me such a bride as thine.”

HUMBLE SORROWS.

PART V.

The Way Home.

TURN, turn your backs, ye happy on the place,
Where hang the heavy vapours of disgrace;
Go forth into the balmy air of eve,
Its gentle influences to receive;
This day whereon misfortune set his mark,
Flees from before you with its visage dark.
And night a widely spreading mantle throws,
To hide its cares, and injuries, and woes.
The dewy night with countless stars is deck'd,
And pools and brooks their lustrous orbs reflect;
The solemn stillness calms each beating heart.
And troubled thoughts of the past day depart.

When all the sand of some dark hour is run,
Those one in woe, in joy seem doubly one;
And to the dregs when sorrow's cup is drain'd,
We bless the friends who have our souls sustain'd;
We bless the hand which our's more firmly clasp'd,
When we in dire misfortune's hold were grasp'd;
The kindly prop on which we feebly leant—
Our pow'rs exhausted—and our courage spent.

With lighten'd hearts they seek their home again,
Clear'd from dishonour's dark and dreadful stain,
And all the evils which that home conceals
Merge in the blissful peace each bosom feels,
Their hearts are happy, and they do not fear,
The harsh reproof—the cold contemptuous sneer—
Fenc'd round with joy, the best our hearts can know,
Deliv'rance from a deep abyss of woe;
All lesser ills too light for notice seem,
And grief, and care, and fear, are but a dream;
Hope once again her willing subjects sways,
And Joy all past suspense and grief repays.

And oh! shall not so blest a day as this,
Be bless'd indeed by yet more perfect bliss?

Shall not they ev'n to-night fresh blessings know,
Can ought but joy await them where they go?
Shall not the Husband's harden'd heart relent?
The father's smile, his child's fond heart content?
Shall not the lover snatched from dangers hand,
Before that father now accepted stand?
Glad tidings yet may warm a chilly heart,
And kindness to a nature rude impart,
They in the churl, morose they left behind,
A husband and a father yet may find;
And does not now the child her mother bless?
Her child—the mother to her bosom press?
The lover love more fondly—her—his own,
Who hath such steadfast faith so nobly shown?
Heart speaks to heart in soft communion sweet,
Looks—sighs—and whispers—words of love repeat.
A joy so pure, a foretaste seems to give
Of Heav'ns bright realms, whilst yet on earth they live

Tir'd horse!—thou knowest well thy stall is nigh,
Thy sunken crest is proudly carried high,
Thy head thou tossest cheerfully again,
And thy mouth plays once more with bit and rein ;

Yet a few paces—and thy task is o'er—
And thou shalt gaily reach thy master's door.
The house! the home! is almost now in sight,
And hearts, this morning heavy, now are light;
They who their home despondingly had left,
Of life's glad hopes and life's best joys bereft,
Returning now at eve—to bless God's ways,
Lift up their hearts!—and prayer has turn'd to praise.

Thou giv'st us moments, Lord, of bliss so pure,
Thou of Thy goodness mak'st our hill so sure,
That in the fullness of delight—man deems
Such bliss like some good angel's presence, seems.
Such moments mortals have—but oh! beware,
But for a moment is such bliss our share,
And sorrow crouches where we see it not
To dart its poison o'er our happy lot.
Poor pilgrims thro' a world of misery,
Snares—perils—pitfalls—all around us lie;
Dangers beneath—and dangers overhead,
And not a step can we securely tread.

And now the house, the home is reach'd—but see
What signs of strange confusion round it be,

And flashing lights at various windows gleam,
And all is like some strange and troubled dream;
And sympathising neighbours—wait to know
How shall be told—and learn'd—the tale of woe.

“ Speak ! tell us has there ought occur'd of ill ?
Oh ! be it what it may—yet tell us still—
In mercy tell us—ye can nothing tell
But what our hearts already guess too well !
A Minister of God steps forth to speak
The tidings which alike they dread and seek ;
He gently strives the dreadful truth to break,
And bids the Wife and Daughter courage take :
Prays God they in God's strength the truth may learn,
The Home is desolate where they return ;
The Hand of Death hath on their home been laid,
Their Husband—Father—Nature's debt hath paid.”

“ Could nought be done !—oh !—is he gone indeed,
And who was near him in his hour of need ?”

“ Kind hands assisted him—tears fell—hearts bled,
And neighbours kind sustain'd his dying head,

Kind voices join'd in murm'ring fervent prayer,
That God might yet his helpless Servant spare:
Whilst I, God's Minister, beside him stood,
And pray'd for his poor Soul's and Body's good,
Or kneeling, supplicated by his side,
And ask'd if on his Saviour he relied."

"And can'st thou speak a word of comfort now !
Say—to God's Will did he submissive bow ?
Say did his dying lips his Saviour bless?
Say did he think of us with tenderness?"
"Oh! ask me not, for I, no more than you
Can dare to say what God was pleased to do—
God's spirit may have breath'd into his ear,
Words of salvation that we could not hear:
And whilst he seem'd, unmov'd to all around,
He, in death's hour, his Saviour may have found.
Of death's dark valley we know nothing now—
We must pass thro' it—but we know not how.
Let us to pass that dismal vale prepare,
And pray that Christ may meet and guide us there."

Shall hearts be broken when the one remov'd,
Tho' dear—was little made to be belov'd?

And shall the voice of those who mourn and weep,
Break forth and cry—in lamentation deep?
Shall tears be pour'd, shall trembling hands be wrung,
Shall anguish enter the bereav'd among?
Yes—Death, our mighty foe—our gentle friend—
Can love amidst less kind emotions blend:
Can quench resentments, and can wrongs redress,
And make the stricken heart fond love express;
And is this not an earnest giv'n us here,
That there is peace beyond this troubled sphere?
That once beyond Earth's confines—Earthly wrong,
Can never more to Earth's frail sons belong?
That injuries—resentments—disappear
As if they never had existed here!
That we shall meet with one we deem'd our foe,
And no displeasure in our spirit glow,
The cruelties, the slights, we have deplor'd,
The tears we have for harsh unkindness pour'd,
Shall find no place our natures then within,
When purified from sorrow and from sin.
Shall those invited to their Saviour's board,
Bring earthly passions there before their Lord?
The blessed ones that shall be gather'd there,
The wedding robe of perfect peace must wear—

The chosen guests by Christ invited—must
Leave earthly feelings in their native dust.

There is a Banquet where we shall sit down,
There is prepar'd for us a Christian's Crown !
In a bright place, far, far from Earth away,
Where shines a perfect never ending day;
Where nothing shall appear with taint of sin,
And nothing violent shall enter in.
But oh !—if we fall short of that bright place,
As Outcasts, left in darkness and disgrace——
Such thoughts our souls with fear and anguish fill !—
Press onward Christians—Christ invites us still !

The mourners often to the chamber creep,
Where Anselm lies—and stand—and gaze—and weep—
And ev'ry hopeful glad emotion dies,
Within the darken'd chamber where he lies.
One, but so lately, full of life as they,
Has in a moment pass'd from life away.
All that once told of life has pass'd and fled ;
It is the silent chamber of the dead !
Oh ! what a mighty barrier seems to rise,
Between us when a fellow mortal dies.

If the departed was our near and dear,
Who shar'd our ev'ry joy and sorrow here;
With whom "sweet counsel" day by day we took,
And search'd together in God's Holy Book,—
Still—we are sunder'd—tho' the cherish'd tie,
Dissolv'd on Earth, shall be renew'd on High.
But oh! the tears are sad which mourners shed,
When one whose soul has from amidst them fled;
Was such as Anselm was—but comfort take,
Poor Mourners! for a faithful Saviour's sake.
Hope all things—trusting in a Saviour's Name,
Of old—to-day—and evermore the same—
Who tho' to earth "a man of sorrow" sent,
Was still the Mighty—the Omnipotent.
Hope on!—What may not Christ for us have wrought,
Who loveth us—ere we His love have sought!

HUMBLE SORROWS.

PART VI.

Conclusion.

THE grass is green where Anselm's dust is laid,
And where the daisies shoot, and flow'r, and fade;
But cheerless look the graves where slumber they,
Who never lov'd in life God's House and Day.
Who seldom bent to offer up a prayer,
And supplicate that God their souls would spare;
Whose hearts with joyful feelings never beat,
To hear the Church bell's weekly summons sweet;
Who seldom sought the church—or if they went,
Unwilling knees in heartless service bent;
And scorn'd the place where Christians love to go,
And whence the Christian's dearest comforts flow.

Those from whose heart and lips there never brake,
Words like to those so oft the Psalmist spake.
“ The Place wherein Thine Honour dwelleth, Lord,
Shall ever by Thy servant be ador’d!
Thy Face I ever whilst I live will seek,
My lips shall all the day Thy Praises speak.”

We may forsake God’s Sanctuary now
And to the World and it’s vain idols bow;
We may reject each Warning and Reproof
The Pastor speaks, beneath the Sacred roof:
God’s House and Service we may scarcely know,
But to the Churchyard must when summon’d go.

By Anselm’s grassy grave the Mourners weep ;
Their tears are many—and their sorrow deep—
They have forgiven ev’ry cruel word,
That ever they in patient sorrow heard.
At Home the vacant Chair where once he sat,
The gentle Mourners look with kindness at;
There’s no one now to yield obedience to,
And they unhidden all they please may do:
Their thankless service all is past and o’er;
For ever ceas’d is the domestic War.

Well might their liberated hearts expand
At their escape from Anselm's tyrant hand:
But 'tis not so—their hearts for Anselm bleed,
Albeit from countless daily trials freed—
Past wrongs and trials unremember'd sleep:—
The Mourners come to Anselm's grave—to weep—

A step comes nigh the dwelling of the dead—
They know it well for it is Godwin's tread.
How kindly and how oft his steps repair
To Anselm's grave when they are seated there.
How kindly and how constantly refrain,
His lips from saying ought to give them pain,
And tho' he sometimes speaks with fond delight
Of present hopes!—and of the future bright:
He has not dar'd to ask amidst their woe,
When Laura will her precious hand bestow.
His part has been to speak the kindly word,
Which by the Mourner is with comfort heard:
With them on all their saddest themes to dwell,
And listen tenderly to all they tell.
His ev'ry wish to Laura to refer,
To watch—to worship—and to wait on her—

To soothe the Mourners in their sorrow deep,
To dry their tears—or weep with those who weep.
But time has wings, and rapidly they fly,
Whatever clogs their flight as they pass by :
And many weeks have now fled by and gone,
Since Anselm from the Mourners was withdrawn.
And Godwin comes with trembling eagerness,
His suit on his beloved one to press—
And Godwin gazes into Laura's face,
And strives to read what hopes he there may trace ;
And asks her Mother in a filial tone,
To bless him ! even him ! as if her own.
The rose is redder upon Laura's cheek,
But she as yet has found no word to speak :
Her Mother's lips the ask'd for blessing pour,
“My Son—God bless thee!—now and evermore.”

And does he doubt whilst Laura silent sits,
And o'er her cheek the deep'ning colour flits ?
Does Godwin doubt, if yet her heart be true
Because her tears are falling now anew ?
A smile upon the lips of Laura plays,
A loving hand within his hand she lays ;

Look !—listen !—for those lips are parting now,
To speak denial, or to breath a vow.

“ My heart is now, as ever—thine alone—
Take when thou wilt, thy Laura for thine own :
Take now, and ever hold my hand and heart,
Thro’ life—till us the hand of Death shall part.”
Soft is the voice of Love where Love abounds,
And sweet Love’s ev’ry truthful accent sounds,
And pleasant is the path Love’s footsteps tread,
Albeit amidst the dwellings of the dead.

But hearken, for a step is drawing nigh,
Another form, the group is standing by :
The Pastor kind, where falls the Mourner’s tear,
Is ever kindly ready to draw near,
And midst them now the faithful Pastor see,
Where sorrow is, he ever loves to be—
“ Alas !—he says, alas ! that tears and woe
Must be the portion sad of all below :
But He who sends the trial and the pain,
Would have us taste of peace and joy again.

“ And here amidst the dwellings of the Dead,
Sweet thoughts of peace are more profusely shed,

And more abundantly and richly bless,
Than in the midst of life and happiness.
It is from here our Hopes immortal spring:
The Standard here we plant of Christ, our King:
'Tis here we trust a Voice to us shall call,
The Bridegroom cometh! Come ye, Blessed! all—
Come to the Marriage Supper of The Lamb,*
The lowly Jesus is the Great 'I Am!'
The Dove beheld by Jordan's stream—is one
With God the Father—and with God the Son—
Come! ye who have in Faith and Hope lain down,
Come! to receive from Christ, the Christian's crown,
Come! Kindreds—Nations—People great and small,
The Marriage Feast is ready for you all.
If in Christ's Spouse His faithful Church we see,
Amidst the faithful let us ever be—
And let us honour here that Holy tis,
Wherein the Church's union we descry.

"Godwin! from thine own honest lips I know,
Thou hast one wish, one only wish below:
The wish, this Maiden for thy Wife to take,
Nor, ever whilst ye both shall live, forsake.

* Revelations, chap. 19, ver. 9.

“ And Laura ! from thy Mother’s lips I hear
That Godwin to thy heart and soul is dear.
Thro’ troubles many ye were safely brought,
And fear—and shame—and peril came to nought.
May ye be bless’d in wedlock’s Holy Bands,
When God together joins your guiltless hands.”

THE CHANCEL WINDOW.

Upon the Lovers let us look once more,
As they the Holy Altar stand before:
Like two fair vessels safely moor’d at last,
Their anchors in the toil’d for harbour cast;
Who gallantly have ridden out the gale,
And float with stately mast, but lower’d sail,
And seem as calmly on the waves to sleep
As if no Storm again could o’er them sweep:
The Lovers thus God’s Altar stand before
As if no storm of Life could harm them more,
The solemn Marriage Rite is well nigh done,
The Hands are join’d, the Lovers now are one.

See!—thro’ that Eastern window’s radiant pane,
The Morning-sunshine brightly beam again,

And in a flood of Heavenly lustre fall
On Altar—Pastor—Bridegroom—Bride—and all.
Oh! read we in its characters of gold,
The tale of mercy on that window told.
The Twelve Apostles all assembled there
Now seem the Heavenly City's light to share,
And oh!—Behold the Lamb!—that city's Light*—
Stand meekly there to mortals' wond'ring sight.†
Gaze upwards still—The Dove with wings outspread,
Is seen to float above Christ's Sacred Head;
And thro' that window's glowing hues are pour'd,
The beams of Heav'n from Heaven's Eternal Lord.

Upon those youthful heads the beams descend
As on their knees the bride and bridegroom bend;
Oh! may the beams of Heav'n upon them rest,
Here and hereafter be they ever blest.
May they on earth the choicest blessings know,
Which from God's bounteous hand on Mortals flow;
And may they join in Heav'n the blessed throng,
Who sing before the Lamb their endless song.

* Revelations, chap. 21, ver. 23.

† St. John, chap. 1, ver. 33.

ARNO AND FRANCISCA.

ARNO AND FRANCISCA.

PART I.

The Sculptor's Studio.

THE Sculptor wrought—the features were the same,
And genius gloried as the likeness came.
The same soft outline art as nature gave,
The hair descended in the self-same wave,
The lips just parted, all but seem'd to speak,
The rose was all but blooming on the cheek,
The throat—the neck—almost you might declare
The very breath of Life was heaving there,
And were the work of art to nature shown,
Almost might nature claim it as her own.

And whose the features?—whose the Master hand
Which could such magical success command?

'Twas Arno's toil that made the lifeless mass
All beauty save Francisca's own surpass :
His glance was searching, and his touch was true,
And touch by touch the soft resemblance grew.
Francisca's father watch'd him day by day
Impress her beauty on the pliant clay :
Fresh charms were added as his fingers mov'd,
And that which seem'd perfection !—still improv'd.
Each moment lovelier yet became the face,
The neck—the shoulders—had Francisca's grace.
And ev'n her soul so peaceful, pure, and mild,
He trac'd in the lov'd features of his child.

The Sculptor's Studio well might charm the mind—
Some gem at ev'ry turning you might find
Statue—Relievo—pencil'd outline bold—
Each some fresh burst of ripen'd genius told.
Some Infant figure crouched in gambol wild;
As none beside can smile—its Mother smil'd—
A Spartan youth, so sinewy and slight,
He look'd a victor in each game and fight,
His head with proud and early honours crown'd,
Seem'd almost from his pedestal to bound.

But there—tho' Grace and Goddess held their sway—
Damsel of England!—fairer thou than they—
More beautiful than Naiad, Nymph, or Grace,
Thy noble—modest—intellectual face.

Ah! full of danger such a work as this!
He needs must gaze—and ev'ry gaze is bliss.
A face where gentle beauty reigns supreme,
He looks on—as a spirit in a dream.
Oh! if it vanish!—but it still is there—
To look is heaven!—to lose it were despair,
And the enthusiast feels unwonted pow'r,
Nerve his young hand, in Love's first magic hour.

Sweeter and sweeter still the sweet smile grew,
Each time that smile was given to his view:
More tender and more earnest seem'd the gaze,
Each time he felt himself beneath its rays.

If ever languor for a moment stole
O'er the bright index of Francisca's soul,
Arno would strike the Poet's tuneful chord,
And breathe the rhymes wherewith his mind was stor'd.

His voice had music in its ev'ry note,
Song, speech, burst tunefully from Arno's throat,
And varied intonation came and went,
And a fresh charm to ev'ry Poet lent.
From Dante's deep research in death's domain,
He'd choose some solemn and appalling strain,
And then on Tasso's gentler Muse would draw,
And charm away Francisca's sense of awe.
He then some hurried snatch from Petrarch chose,
Of never-ending, never-wearying woes:
And chaunted it in such pathetic tone,
It show'd he made the Poet's griefs his own.
And here and there, his lips would falt'ring add,
Some verse unknown—but oh!—how sweet and sad—
Some verse in soft poetic numbers sung,
But from a broken heart unbidden wrung.

Francisca's soul seem'd more and more intent:
“ Oh! whence,” she cried, “ this sad unknown lament?
How strangely sweet it sounded to mine ear!
Let me once more that melting stanza hear.”

He heeded not her wond'ring look and start;
He press'd his hand upon his aching heart;

"'Tis gone!" he cried, "I know not what I said,
The words I utter'd have for ever fled,
But the deep passion that call'd forth the lay,
Must still consume me slowly day by day."

When minds that fully know each other's wealth
Snatch their sweet intercourse of thought by stealth,
And in the midst of this ungenial sphere,
Feel as if plac'd alone together here:
How hard a task it is for them to know,
When!—round them Love begins his chains to throw:
And little!—Arno or Francisca heeds
The dang'rous food whereon their fancy feeds.
And all unconsciously they give the rein
To thoughts, which oft—too oft—recur again—
Each feels the sweetness of the shortliv'd hour,
While Arno's skilful hand exerts its power:
And each with beating heart—but blinded eyes—
The morrow's meeting waits—in extacies.

ARNO AND FRANCISCA.

PART II.

Night.

There was a garden scene of gay delight,
And ev'rything in earth and heav'n look'd bright:
The Sculptor sought that garden—not to share
In giddy game or idle pastime there,
But it was pleasing to his tasteful eye,
To study all its strange variety.
There, lamps in long festoons of ev'ry hue,
Brought fairy tales and scenes before his view:
There, tents with ev'ry luxury outspread,
Within their awnings pleasures vot'ries led:
And fortune lur'd the unwary with her wheel,
And taught young hearts the love of gold to feel.

Bright faces gaz'd on all in rapture wild,
And hour was after hour in sport beguill'd,
And well such scenes might fascinate the sight
Of Arno, on that gentle summer night.

But Arno feeling sadder midst the gay,
Turn'd slowly from the giddy throng away:
For his heart sicken'd at the sounds of mirth,
Which to a thousand vain regrets gave birth.
And down a lonely path his steps he bent,
His mind on all its hopeless griefs intent.
But hark!—he hears light footsteps passing near,
And a sweet voice is sounding in his ear:
Francisca tells love's first and fairy dream,
And Arno!—happy Arno!—is the theme—
He hears her to a friend her love confide,
Whilst arm in arm along the path they glide.

“ Call it not madness! but each time I see
His master genius all absorb'd in me,
And hear the music of his southern tongue,
Whilst his lov'd Poets' lays by him are sung:
And mark how all that's noble seems to find,
The closest sympathy in Arno's mind:

And see his features, fraught with beauty, more
Than any that I ever saw before:
I feel that 'twere in vain to struggle yet,
Against the feelings which my heart beset.
He looks like one who might a sceptre hold
Long handed down by ancestors of old;
And all his kindred are of gentle birth,
His friends are those of rank, and fame, and worth:
His name is one that those of high degree
Are proud to bear! a name how dear to me.
I know not if he cares to see my face,
Or if he sighs when others take my place,
Yet scarce could thus my soul to Arno cleave,
Did I behind me no lov'd mem'ry leave!"

Sculptor!—love on!—for thou hast heard the whole—
A draught of poison now is in thy soul.

Night wears the faster when 'tis blythely spent.
And as Francisca from the garden went,
She saw the Sculptor at the gateway stand,
He look'd into her face—he took her hand—
And when she spoke his name with pleas'd surprise,
He answer'd her with broken words and sighs.

“What are all other nights compar’d with this;
A night of exquisite unhop’d for bliss!
“One moment pass’d in Heav’n!—Thou Starry Sphere
A Star more bright than thou can’st boast—is here.”

Soft visions round the couch of either press—
Soft visions full of hope and tenderness—
They gaze upon them with impassion’d glance
Of fond delight—and wake as from a trance.

ARNO AND FRANCISCA.

PART III.

Hidden Thoughts Reveal'd.

Once more the loving and belovèd meet
To taste, with trembling hearts, communion sweet.
What sympathy is theirs! in that short hour
Whilst Arno's gifted hand exerts its power.
But now his darling work is well nigh done,
Which draws him near to his belovèd one.
And lo! the parting has its shadow thrown
O'er Arno's soul—and all his joy is flown.
He feels his heart with keenest anguish rent,
And gives to his long silent sorrow vent.

“ Oh! time is fleeting!—would that time might cease
His course—and let me gaze on thee in peace.

Oh! would this hour might yet for ages be
The blessed present hour of bliss with thee.
Shame! to the idols I have bent before;
The Fame—the Honours—I could once adore.
More proud were I thy fav'ring smile to gain,
Than all earth's pomp and splendour to obtain.
What!—if I daring—bold—presumptuous—be,
To lift my thoughts to one of thy degree!
Perchance not one of all the titled throng
Who court thy smiles the palace halls among,
With love as deep as mine thy love can sue,
Or strive to win thy heart with heart as true.
Francisca!—pardon me—I cannot rest
Beneath the secret weighing on my breast;
I love each glance that from thine eye is sent,
Each tint that to thy beauteous cheek is lent,
Each soft expression as it comes and goes,
Thy quick emotions—and thy soft repose.
Francisca!—is thy very look withdrawn?
And is my sunshine bright for ever gone?
Look up and shed one kindly parting beam,
Ere I awaken from my thrilling dream.”

Whilst Arno thus his hopeless love reveals,
Before Francisca's graceful form he kneels;

Her trembling hand he kisses—and once more
Strives with faint voice her pardon to implore.
Thus—poor enthusiast!—on that evil day
He flings his intercourse with her away.

Francisca utter'd not a word of blame,
Her look was kind and gentle all the same.
Yet—from her cheeks the blood that moment flew,
And left them pallid as the marble's hue.

She spoke—her voice was firm, tho' weak and low;
As she replied—"I grieve the truth to know:
Oh! strive to combat from this very hour,
A love so hopeless—with thine utmost pow'r:
Dismiss it from thy thoughts—except to pray
For strength to chase it from thy heart away.
Farewell—I mourn the pain I've brought to one
For whom life's ills should scarcely have begun.
Forget the work whereon thy hands have wrought
Till fancies strange it to thy mind have brought:
Forget the face—forget the very name,
Of one who here as thy dark shadow came.
And I shall bury in my inmost heart
Thy words—thy vows—ere we for ever part."

And Arno saw Francisca's steps retreat,
Assur'd they never—never—more should meet.
But could a love which to full growth had reach'd,
Be render'd nothing—tho' the charmer preach'd.
It was in vain she told him to forget,
Whilst well he knew he must love wildly yet.

He felt reliev'd that now his woes were known:
His torments were to her who caus'd them shown.
And in Francisca's kind and pitying eyes
He read compassion for his tears and sighs.
Yet must his love no more to her be told,
To her his glance must evermore be cold;
What happiness remains that he can share?
Where shall he seek it in this wide world?—where?

Yet—many tears that day Francisca shed,
And from her heart each glad emotion fled.
Our days are full of trouble here below—
Oh! what may not a day bring forth of woe.
Francisca told her father ev'ry whit—
He heard of Arno's love and pitied it.
Yet hop'd—how vain the hope—a love so wild
Met no responsive feeling in his child.

“My child thou well hast acted—now forbear
Reflecting further on this youth’s despair.
He is a wild enthusiast!—to aspire
To fill Love’s Censer with unfitting fire.
As vain were love for some fair statue cold,
As that he hath to my Francisca told.
Thy thoughts must not upon this subject dwell,
Whate’er occurs—thy father thou wilt tell.
We soon will leave this land of strange romance,
I feel disturb’d and griev’d by this mischance:
And summer wanes—and ere the autumn close
In our own home I trust we shall repose.
When next on Italy thine eyes shall wake,
’Twill be when thou thy bridal tour shalt make.
Now to thy toilette!—deck with gems thy hair,
And to the palace ball we will repair:
And let thy beauty dazzle ev’ry eye,
And let thy father fond—stand proudly by.”

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ARNO AND FRANCISCA.

PART IV.

The Ball.

A prince, that ev'ning, held a splendid ball:
The great, the gay, were there assembled all.
His palace was with lamps and torches bright,
And look'd all radiant in the midst of night.
And a gay train to that palazzo fair,
Convey'd the jewell'd throng invited there,
And at its portal graceful forms press'd in,
And young hearts long'd for pleasure to begin:
Impatient of the much obstructed way,
Which thro' saloons of gorgeous aspect lay.
A band of minstrels play'd within the court,
To welcome all who join'd the gay resort,
And as their music in the distance died,
The ball-room's music to their strains replied.

And ev'ry plant and flow'r to mortals lent,
There bloom'd in beauty—and gave forth their scent.

The ball-room open'd where the garden lay,
And at its windows was a concourse gay
Admitted on that ev'ning, to behold
Scenes whose enchantment scarcely could be told.
And there—the Sculptor stood—with straining glance,
And folded arms, to watch the festive dance.
To add fresh tortures to Love's poignant pain,
And whet its pangs, again and yet again.
And as if fate had sworn his heart to break,
He saw the prince the fair Francisca take.
The window, arm in arm, they pass'd so nigh,
He heard their very words as they mov'd by ;
The flow'rs within Francisca's hand he smelt,
Her floating robe of gossamer he felt.

“ For thee alone this crowd has met to-night,
Say! does the ball find favour in thy sight?”

“ The scene is lovely that I round me see!
I blush its all unworthy cause to be.”—

The prince bent down Francisca's hand to kiss!
And Arno heard the serpents round him hiss.
He thought his rival was in heav'n—and he
An outcast, doom'd that rival's bliss to see.
He saw Francisca moving in the dance,
Sometimes he almost thought he met her glance,
Or gaz'd, and fancied he should see her start,
To think of Arno!—and his broken heart.
He the rude praise of those around him heard
Express'd in many a whisper'd rapt'rous word.
“Oh!—beautiful!—the angel—how she smil'd!
Well may her beauty turn her lovers wild.
See how the prince her ev'ry look admires:
And spurns at each who to her hand aspires:
And see her cheeks! how proudly now they glow,
As round her thus the great are bending low.”

Ah! poor Francisca!—little did they guess
How ach'd her heart in secret bitterness:
And how she wish'd that weary night were o'er
And she within her chamber wept once more.
She heard the praises of her form and face
As all extoll'd her beauty and her grace:

Yet she—admir'd—and envied—and ador'd—
Her triumphs and her high estate deplor'd.
Long—long—did Arno keep his watch—and gaze
Within that palace—on its gaudy maze—
And ling'ring still, with straining eyes he saw
Group after group—form after form, withdraw.
And suddenly he turn'd and fled away
Affrighted, at the streaks of breaking day.

Down Arno sat when to his home return'd,
And trimm'd the lamp that on his table burn'd,
And rested on his arms his throbbing head,
And thought how all life's value now had fled,
And on the watch that he that night had kept,
And then he look'd upon the bust—and wept.
He snatch'd a pen, and with bewilder'd brain
He told his fond affection once again,
And felt his heart reliev'd when he had pour'd
His sorrows forth—to her whom he ador'd.
“Francisca! would that my poor broken heart
A calm farewell could bid thee—ere we part—
But may the Pow'r who rules the earth and skies,
And plac'd thy beauty thus before mine eyes,

And fitted thus my feelings to adore,
To worship thee, each day yet more and more;
Oh! may He soften what I suffer now,
And teach me to His mighty will to bow.
I cannot wish another to possess
Thy exquisite, thy matchless loveliness—
I cannot wish thee!—'Arno,' to forget!—
Who loves thee!—as none ever lov'd thee yet—
But oh! what shall I say—Francisca—no,
I will not tell thee all my bitter woe:
Thou shalt not this to princely lovers tell
In light discourse!—Francisca—Fare thee well."
The scroll he seal'd—and hid it in his breast,
As clos'd that night devoid of peace and rest,
And from his home the sculptor turn'd, and fled
Not knowing where his hurried footsteps led.
He wander'd far—how far he little knew,
Thro' paths secluded, and but known to few;
Revolving in his wild and troubled mind,
What bearer for his letter he could find.
When lo! a Contadina pass'd along
Pouring the music of her tuneful song:
And Arno saw her bend with simple grace,
And mark'd the smile of kindness on her face,

And from her lips a "Salva! Signor," heard,
And felt the sweetness of a kindly word,
And follow'd her and said—"Oh! do a deed
To help a stranger in his hour of need—
If thou dost fail me, I shall never know
Who 'twas that wrong'd me—but if thou wilt go
And leave this letter—where it is address'd
May'st thou in earth and heav'n be ever bless'd."

"Poor Signor!—as I live—I vow—I swear—
To leave thy letter, I'll this day repair.
May heav'n avenge thee if I do not so!
May heav'n befriend thee whatso'er thy woe!"

A ring from Arno's hand was her reward,
And silver coins were in her apron pour'd,
And the young Contadina tripp'd away—
But her light song was silent all the day,

ARNO AND FRANCISCA.

PART V.

The Confession.

FRANCISCA and her father see once more
In their old hall, upon their native shore,
Far from the southern land of golden lights,
Of sunny days—and soft enchanting nights.
Yet home is dear—and theirs was such a home
As well might quench the rising wish to roam.
'Twas ev'ning now, a winter ev'ning cold:
And closely drawn was ev'ry curtain's fold.
Alone the father and the daughter sat,
Beguiling time with idle rambling chat,
The fire sent up its warm and joyous blaze,
And flush'd the gothic chamber with its rays.
Was all then cheerful?—no, the howling blast
Spoke as of coming woes—and sorrows past—

Was all beside then cheerful?—reader, no—
Francisca's heavy heart was full of woe.
Francisca's father long the cloud had seen
Which hung o'er one who had so joyous been,
And many a cause, in turn, he had assign'd
For the sad change come o'er his daughter's mind.
Tho' mild and sweet as ever—still he knew
That day by day his child more pensive grew,
And he resolv'd, tho' shrinking from the task,
His well-belovèd one the cause to ask.
Perhaps the truth the watchful father guess'd,
And read the secret which her heart oppress'd.

“Francisca!”—(why did that one word unfold
That her sad tale of love should now be told?)
Francisca rose—her voice could not reply,
But she approach'd her father's footstool nigh.

“Will not my child her duteous fondness show
By telling me her hidden source of woe?
No grief soe'er she can impart to me
Can wound me like this painful mystery.”
Remorse sometimes invades a spotless heart
From some strange cause in which it has no part,

And as Francisca to her father knelt,
She, like a guilty fallen being felt.
“Father,” she said, “I gladly will obey,
But if I grieve thee pardon me I pray:
Forgive the dream which I can not forget,
Which sleeping and which waking haunts me yet,
Which duty—absence—nothing can dispel:
Now hear with mercy what my lips shall tell.
I long have striven from my mind to chace
That dream, and wipe away it’s ev’ry trace—
But still—the more I strive—the more I find
One image ever present to my mind.
Father! ’tis on my knees, ’tis at thy feet,
That thy forbearance I with tears entreat:
I feel my weakness now would turn to sin,
If I this secret kept my heart within.
Father! forgive me whilst I speak the truth—
Father! I love that gentle Roman youth—
Arno, the sculptor, is more dear to me
Than ought—except my duteous love for thee.”

No word to poor Francisca’s words replies,
But tears are falling from her father’s eyes:

Her hand within his own is fondly press'd,
Her blushing face is hidden on his breast,
But whilst he to his bosom folds his child,
The wind's wild shriek grows yet more sad and wild.

With patient kindness he has heard it all,
Has seen without a sigh his high hopes fall,
And tho' before him they in ruins lie,
And all his fondly cherish'd visions fly,
She who has crush'd his hope, and joy, and pride,
Is dearer far to him than ought beside.
His lips to speak a father's blessing—part:
The gentle blessing of a pitying heart:
A pitying father's tears anoint her head,
And bless'd they by whom such tears are shed.
“ My child!—a prince thy hand may proudly claim!
No Briton bears than thine a loftier name!
No monarch on the earth, upon his throne,
Can boast of blood more pure than is thine own.
And I had hop'd thy children should be born
To wear high honours by their father worn.
This may not be—for I thy nature know
Too well to hope that it may now be so—

I know thy stedfast heart—which years of pain
Could only bind in yet a stronger chain.
Albeit at my commands thou would'st forego
Thy love—and meekly live in silent woe,
Thou never would'st to other suit attend,
Ev'n tho' the greatest at thy feet should bend.
And thou would'st deem thy vows were little worth,
If faith were broken, as those vows came forth.
And I—from ev'ry hope in life would part,
Oh! sooner far, than break thy gentle heart.
We will depart from this our much lov'd place,
And will to Italy our steps retrace:
And Arno! thou my child again shalt see,
He is ennobled!—who is lov'd by thee."

If all the gloom of night had turn'd to day
And winter fled before the summer gay:
And had the tempest hush'd its surly voice,
And tuneful birds awaken'd to rejoice:
The change could not have been to ear and sight
More beautiful—more rapid—or more bright—
Than was the change in poor Francisca wrought,
When these kind words her ear with rapture caught.

Her drooping form—its energy renew'd—
With youthful graces seem'd again imbued:
And o'er her languid lip, and cheek, and brow,
The rosy flush of joy was deep'ning now.
Oh! happiness!—How beautiful thou art
When bursting on a poor afflicted heart.
When in some eye long dimm'd by frequent tears,
Thy sunny glow of radiance re-appears,
Thy sunny glow can brighten up the way,
Of life's worn pilgrims on a toilsome day.
And strength and lightness to their steps impart—
Oh! happiness!—how beautiful thou art.
How bless'd art thou to feel—how bright to see—
Thou tellest us of joys one day to be.
Thou art a token like the rainbow's light
From worlds beyond our own, where all is bright.
Of bliss our hearts as yet can not conceive,
But we with patient humble trust believe.

ARNO AND FRANCISCA.

PART VI.

Italy of Old—and Now.

Oh! who can fail the residue to see
Of things long past and gone—in things that be?
To hear in strains like those by Arno sung,
The echo of the ancient Poets' tongue?
Alike in northern and in southern climes,
Seem bound together late and early times:
And east and west are closely knit in one,
The great fore-father, and the lineal son.
However various may their actions be,
However little may their lot agree,
There is a mark still set upon each race,
And in the sons, the ancestors we trace.

Oh! Italy!—of old, how great wast thou!
How rich thou art in glowing beauty now!
And in thy sons, tho' fallen is thy state,
Still throb the pulses of the bygone great.
Such grandeur as thy early times have known,
Has left a halo, round thy people thrown:
And still the race of these thy latter days,
Is ting'd with all thy earlier glory's rays.
The land where Virgil's soul its thoughts bequeath'd,
And where his brow with polish'd leaves was wreath'd,
Still boasts her tuneful offspring, who can pour
Unstudied song to those their hearts adore.
It is not now their day for martial fame,
Dark clouds hang o'er their nation and their name:
But there are feelings which can still awake,
And from the senseless sleep of ages break:
Can flush the olive cheek with living fire,
And Rome's last sons with Roman souls inspire.
We oft admire the deep impassion'd tone,
Of those who feel past glories all their own:
But in another spirit let us look
O'er the dark page of the historian's book:
Perhaps the vaunted heroes of the field;
The senators, the emperors,—would yield

Their proud place in the annals of their times,
To wipe away the traces of their crimes:
Some tyrant Cæsar deems he now were bless'd
Had he but been the slave he once oppress'd.

We tread on trembling ground—and scarce can dare
Look out from earth, to look we know not where.
Where stand the myriads now who all await
The judgment day—to know their final state?
There is for them no more repentance now,
There doom is seal'd we know—but know not how.
We know not how the chain of human crime
Has link by link been stretch'd thro' lengthen'd time,
Nor how salvation's bless-èd glorious day
Dawns 'upon one who seem'd a * castaway.
How this man's fault has led to that man's fall—
How some chance word has been the sinner's call—
Has dash'd the darkness from some blinded sight,
And brought bless'd immortality to light.

Some hapless wretch we see who day by day
Is driv'n to madness by oppression's sway.

* 1 Cor., ix., ver. 27.

He long endures—he strives his lot to bear,
 Fresh torments urge him onward to despair.
 He strikes a blow—arraign'd for murder stands—
 And dies scarce penitent by mortal's hands—
 And in the judgment:—when all hearts shall lie
 Expos'd to angel's and to mortal's eye,
 Whilst the terrific glance of God! shall scan
 Each dark recess within the heart of man:
 When at His bar the slayer and the slain,
 Shall in the state death found them—stand again.
 May not the victim in his Maker's eye
 Of crimes be guilty found—of deeper dye
 Than his destroyer's——

Tho' upon his head

God's anger shall avenge the blood he shed:
 Yet, he 'gainst whom the Tempter's snares combin'd,
 May the more* tolerable portion find.

These thoughts perplex—ah! cast we them away
 And work God's work† while yet 'tis call'd to-day.
 We cannot weigh man's actions, or God's will,
 But must in ignorance plod onward still.

* St. Matthew, 10th chap. 15th ver., 11 chap. ver. 21, 22.

† Hebrews, chap. iii. ver. 13.

The day will come when at the trumpet's sound
The kindreds of the earth shall cluster round;
When all the countless dead both small and great,
From savage tribe—and highly polished state—
When Roman warriors waking from their sleep,
And Carthaginian dust from ocean deep;
When he who coldly bade the life-blood flow,
And he who quail'd not at the coming blow:
Shall all in garb of flesh, in bands of sin,
The place of judgment trembling enter in—
Lord spare thy people!—who! upon that day
Shall hope for mercy on his helpless clay?
Then when the day of mercy long is past,
And the loud trump gives forth a deadly blast.

“But who is this from Edom*”—that we see
“In garments dyed from Bozrah?”—lo! 'tis He
Who once to earth in want and weakness came
And liv'd in grief—and died the death of shame:
And trod the wine-press† of God's wrath alone,
That He might claim us lost ones as his own.
And we believe that in that fearful day,
When earth and heaven shall fail and pass away.

* Isaiah, 63rd chap. 1st ver.

† Isaiah 63rd chap. 3rd ver.

Thro' Him there will be hope for this our race,
God from His Son will never hide his face,
And tho' He be our Judge!—we trust that he
Will yet our Saviour—Rock—and Refuge be—
Oh! who can tell how many an erring one,
Writhing beneath the deeds his hands have done,
Shall find himself accepted—and array'd
In Robes of Righteousness—his ransom paid:
For it is ours to trust that tho' our sin
Be “red as scarlet,” our poor hearts within:
We shall be counted pure and white as snow,
The Lamb for us was slain, and made us so.

ARNO AND FRANCISCA.

PART VII.

The Return to Italy.

Once more in Italy!—what feelings press
Around Francisca's heart with bitterness—
In the same city where the Sculptor dwelt
She stands—and the same air she feels—he felt—
To ask his fate her voice she dares not trust,
Oh! lives he still?—or is he in the dust?
Hope—fear—each whispers all that she may know
A moment hence—of happiness—or woe.

'Twas ask'd, that question which could thus draw down
The smile of bliss or angry fortune's frown—
“Lives there?”—her father said—“a sculptor here,
Arno by name? and is his dwelling near?”

“ Arno!—yes, Arno lives—but tho’ his pow’r
Seems greater still and greater, every hour—
They say!”—the speaker touch’d his tawny brow—
“ ’Tis a sad tale—his mind is shaken now.
They say!—he lov’d some lady great and high,
She scorned him—and ’twas fear’d that he would die;
Yet Death who grasps his thousands ev’ry day,
From him—the broken-hearted—turn’d away.
He lives some leagues beyond our city gate—
I have not heard how he has far’d of late.
His works are priz’d beyond all others now,
But what avails the chaplet on the brow!
And what avails the proud immortal name
Of one who languishes in mind and frame?”

Francisca lifts her eyes and hands on high—
“ He lives!—he lives!—and heav’n has heard my cry.”

Bright was the morrow to that anxious day
And early were the trav’lers on their way,
To the lone spot where Arno’s genius reign’d,
And soon the entrance to his home they gain’d:
It was a Tuscan villa, and around,
Each lawn—and glade—and nook—seem’d fairy ground;

The view was spread o'er plains and vineyards wide
The scenery was fair on ev'ry side—
Once more the sculptor's studio they explor'd,
With all his rich imaginations stor'd:
And ask'd if there his time he chiefly spent,
No—to his rocky cave he daily went.

Francisca sought the cave—that she might see
The spot where Arno lov'd so well to be.
It was a rocky chasm—asunder torn
Perchance, before the Roman crown was worn:
Shrubs of sweet odour round the entrance grew,
And charm'd the eye at ev'ry glance anew:
Some from amidst the heaps of rock appear'd,
Whilst others from the earth their light stems rear'd:
And round the cave, the eye at ev'ry turn,
Might rest on vase—on fountain—or on urn.
It was a soothing place for one to dwell
Whose mind was fraught with love, he might not tell,
If ought could soothe a heart become the prey
Of griefs which never more might pass away.
A tiny streamlet hurrying along,
Chim'd in its voice, in Nature's varied song:

You scarce could see it glide along the ground,
Yet heard its low and most refreshing sound.

From Arno's cell the eye might range at will
O'er fertile plain, and distant rising hill:
But o'er its rocky sides she saw a sight
That put all other thoughts on earth to flight;
Again and yet again she there could trace
Her own fair figure, and her own sweet face;
There grav'd with chisel, sketch'd with pencil here,
How like!—how lovely!—and to her how dear!
It seem'd that she in Arno's soul could find
Reflected, her own form, and face, and mind:
And verses here and there—unread till then
Except by him!—were trac'd by Arno's pen.
She trembled!—for she heard a step draw nigh,
'Twas a tame roebuck and his mate pranc'd by,
And started at the stranger!—in a cave
Where their fond master many a dainty gave.

Another step she heard—not this the sound
Of the light roebuck's gay and active bound.
She listen'd—and she heard her own heart beat
More loudly than the tread of Arno's feet.

He came to see her lov'd reflection there,
For tree and rock could show her features fair;
He came to cheat his deep and hopeless woe
By gazing on the face he worshipp'd so:
And—mighty marvel!—there he saw that form,
So deeply stamp'd on his affections warm.

Each, spell-bound seem'd—for neither mov'd nor spoke,
And long that magic stillness neither broke.
Francisca shrank!—for well she knew 'twas said
That Arno's reason had for ever fled—
Panting for breath she softly spoke his name,
The spell was broken—and her courage came.
For oh! she saw to Arno's face return,
That fire which in his glance was wont to burn;
One word from her sweet voice!—the heavy chain
Which bound his soul ne'er fetter'd it again.

“Arno! 'tis long since thou and I have met,
But is thy heart like mine unalter'd yet?”
(He kneels) “Oh! Arno!—rise —'tis I implore
Thy pardon!—and thy grief shall be no more.
A suppliant for thy forgiveness see!
Oh! blame the world's harsh laws—and blame not me.

Thy letter—yes—to me 'twas safely giv'n,
Our intercourse, how sweet!—was quickly riv'n.
My father trusted I should soon forget
This strange romance!—my love he knew not yet.
He took me from thy sunny land away,
Back to our native hills—and mansion grey.
But, Arno,—hear!—he saw me sadder grow,
Each day I liv'd—and watch'd my silent woe.
And one sad ev'ning, leaning on his knee,
Arno!—I told him all—I spoke of thee.
I told him 'twas to me a bitter pain
That never should I see thy face again;
That I no more should hear thy gentle tongue,
No more should roam thy beauteous works among:
I told him that my doom was early seal'd,
And my bruise'd heart could never more be heal'd:
And that the only solace I could know,
Would be to see thee, and to soothe thy woe.

“Hush, Arno!—hearken—'tis a solemn thing
Before thee thus my sorrows deep to bring:
To thee my inmost feelings to declare,
Long hush'd in silence—wither'd by despair—

But I was bless'd in that at last I spoke,
And from the blasting spell that bound me woke.

“ My father heard me with a father's heart,
And said we should for Italy depart—
And winter ending—brighter days drew near,
When buds and leaves should soon again appear;
And ev'ry bud that burst, and leaf that spread,
Hope, peace, and gladness, o'er my spirit shed—
I scarcely shudder'd at the surly blast,
Each gale, however rude, might be the last:
And ev'n the bust! thy master hand had wrought,
Despair no longer to my bosom brought.
Arno!—that bust how oft did I behold,
And wish I were as lifeless and as cold—
And thro' that winter's dark and hopeless gloom,
Too oft I wish'd it stood upon my tomb.
Oh! do I forfeit in thy sight to-day
A maiden's modest pride by ought I say?
In risking thus my stedfast faith to own,
To one whose love for me may long have flown.
But, Arno!—ev'n to hear thee tell me this,
To see thee scorn my faithfulness!—were bliss!

Compar'd with all the anguish of the thought,
That I to 'Arno's peace had ruin brought.'

Once more her lover to Francisca kneels,
But oh! what words shall tell her all he feels?
He speaks in murmur'd blessings—and in tears—
That it is all a dream, still Arno fears.
But lo! Poetic transports slumb'ring long,
Unburthen Arno's heart in tuneful song,
And verses sweet as Petrarch's plaintive lays,
Tell Arno's bliss—and breathe Francisca's praise.

ARNO AND FRANCISCA.

PART VIII.

The Bridal Morn.

See Arno and Francisca happy now—
As each to each they speak the fervent vow:
And griefs which present!—well nigh broke the heart,
In sweet discourse 'tis pleasing to impart.
Yes, they are happy, seated side by side,
And holding converse in the eventide,
And telling each to each in plaintive tone,
The deep and hopeless sorrow each has known.
Sometimes at daybreak they together haste
The early beauties of the morn to taste,
And hail the golden gleam and darting ray,
Which usher in another joyful day—

Together they some ruin'd walls explore
Still perfect on the page of classic lore,
But now more beautiful perchance than when
They loudly echoed to the shouts of men.
Perchance more grand in stillness and decay,
Than in their own and Rome's triumphant day.

And often are such spots Francisca's choice,
For often there breaks forth her Arno's voice,
In some heroic and impassion'd strain,
She could for ever long to hear again.
Son of the south! to such as he, belong
The melody, the poesy of song:
Daughter of beauty!—smiles like her's repay
In ev'ry age and land the poet's lay.
Sweet are the moments—yet the moments fly,
And now the nuptial hour is drawing nigh;
But oh! has life a portion yet of bliss
As exquisite to heart and soul as this?

The morning breaks—it is the bridal morn—
And joyful sounds are on the breezes borne—
The smile of sunshine on the city glows,
Beneath whose dust such mighty dead repose.

And brightly glances ev'ry gazer's eye,
And stifled is each thought of times gone by.
The dead are buried—and a race are born
To taste the gladness of life's fleeting morn,
And bright is life to Arno—in that hour
When joys and triumphs o'er him seem to show'r.
An idol of his dear and native land!
Is he who shall receive Francisca's hand.

And let us not in silence now pass o'er,
The varied gifts which in profusion pour,
To honour Arno and Francisca's time
Of bridal pomp, from many a distant clime:
Porcelain and crystal—silver, gold, and gem—
From many a lavish hand are sent to them;
Fair pearls to deck Francisca's neck and hair,
And broider'd vests and robes for her to wear.
All the choice off'rings Italy bestows;
The charms, the coral, and the cameos.
But still more beautiful than all by far,
Is the choice royal gift of Arno's car.
Of graceful form—of purple and of gold,
And richly lin'd with many a velvet fold,

It looks as if by Venus sent to bear,
In triumph proud, the loving lovely pair.

Four milk-white steeds of purest Arab race,
Too noble seem to brook the rein and trace,
Yet unresisting, draw the car along,
Regardless of the vast assembled throng.
Oh! who would not have envied Arno's bliss,
In such a proud and happy hour as this,
Who saw him swiftly thro' the city glide
To claim the fair Francisca for his bride?
He long had known his country held him dear,
By all the honours paid him year by year:
But little guess'd he how!—their ardent love
His countrymen were now about to prove.
The loftiest in the land their favours dealt;
The poor, show'd even they his value felt,
The old, the young,—all—off'rings came to bring,
And infant hands at least had flow'rs to fling!
There stream'd from ev'ry window garlands sweet,
Leaves, flow'rs, were spread beneath his horses' feet,
And throngs and thousands lin'd the sculptor's way,
And many press'd some kindly word to say.

But oh ! who could forget the people's shout,
When fair Francisca from her home came out;
The crowns of roses and the garlands gay,
Which dark-eyed maidens strew'd along the way—
The fervent blessings lips unnumber'd spoke,
Or the fair face that such emotion woke.
Francisca to her father trembling clung,
As thro' the air that shout of welcome rung,
But when she thought 'twas Arno they ador'd,
That thought composure to her heart restor'd.

She little knew or guess'd that her sweet face
And lovely form of more than mortal's grace,
The transports of the throng inspir'd anew,
Who came their much lov'd Arno's bride to view.
And ev'n Francisca's beauty was enhanc'd,
As to the crowd with gratitude she glanc'd:
And whilst her face that smile of kindness wore,
"Viva ! Francesca !" echoed more and more.
Before the altar never knelt a pair
More form'd to look like angels kneeling there;
And round its steps there never stood a crowd,
Of more exalted rank, or names more proud.

The blooming bridesmaids were the great and high
And fair of England and of Italy—
The lordly, royal, regal—each and all
In clusters stood within the sacred wall.

The service ended—on their ears then fell
The pealing tones of music's sacred swell:
The hymn pour'd forth as if from countless throats,
The solemn organ's deep and lengthen'd notes.

A wedded pair—behold them hand in hand
Emerging from the church one moment stand:
And hearken! how the people loudly greet
The bride and bridegroom in the throngèd street,
And now succeeds a moment's silence deep,
As if the eager throng were hush'd in sleep—
And music wakes!—and answers strain to strain—
And voice to voice—and string to string again—
The names of Arno and Francisca sound,
And echoing tongues repeat them round and round.

In southern hearts a fervid feeling glows,
The Briton's calmer nature never knows:

But, once awaken'd—feelings deep as theirs,
Within his heart of hearts the Briton shares.
Thus he, who sees his child with honours crown'd,
And she, admir'd and bless'd by all around,
Receive with feelings ardent as their own,
The homage by the Roman concourse shown.
Oh happy Arno! she he has obtain'd,
Has at his hands a fairy splendour gain'd!
And she is now Count Arno's blooming bride,
And he an order wears—and ribbon wide.

Broad lands long sever'd from Count Arno's race,
Become once more the Patrimonial place,
For by his countryman the fine is paid,
The lands an off'ring at his feet are laid.

And are the lands forsaken and foresworn
Where all Francisca's noble race were born?
No, thitherward their steps are often bent,
And happy days on British soil are spent;
And Arno and Francisca ever dwell,
With him—the father—whom they love so well—
In England and in Italy they live
Beneath one roof, and mutual blessings give:

Francisca, who for love well nigh resign'd
Her early life, and in death's lap reclin'd,
Would not for happiness, and not for life,
Have left her father to be Arno's wife.
They in whose hearts the filial fervour glows
With greatest strength thro' cares, and joys, and woes;
Are they, who when love's feelings first awake,
Most nobly suffer for his precious sake.
For ev'n as from one Fountain cannot flow
Sweet streams and bitter—in the heart 'tis so—
Like kindly sympathies are ever found,
In the same stedfast nature to abound.

RICH AND POOR.

RICH AND POOR.

PART I.

THE evening's twilight all had worn away,
And in night's mantle nature slumb'ring lay :
A gipsy camp was pitch'd—whose ev'ry fire
Was dim and low, and ready to expire.
Hark !—a low whistle once is heard to sound,
Too gently to awake the sleepers round ;
But yet it reach'd the eager watchful ear
Of her who knew her Lover's steps drew near,
And she—the lov'd one—softly reach'd the gate,
Where the expected youth was wont to wait.

“Thou'rt late !” she cried—“ Say, is all well to-night ?
Why did'st thou thus my anxious heart affright ?”

The gipsy had approach'd in heavy mood,
Awaiting her with sullen glance he stood,
But when he saw her light and graceful form,
And heard her gently speak her greeting warm,
Whilst her soft oval face, with gentle smile,
Blush'd into brighter beauty all the while,
Ev'n jealousy stood back !—asham'd to face
A being form'd of innocence and grace;
Yet—he disclos'd the jealousy that lay
Within his heart—and deepen'd ev'ry day.
“What means,” he said, “the rival whom I see—
Oft when unseen I'm watching over thee;
I see him come to this, the spot I hold
More precious far than silver or than gold ;
Speak !—has his wealth decoy'd thy heart away ?
If so—we part—for ever part—to-day.”

She answer'd, in a tone resolv'd and free,
“I care not for him !—what's his wealth to me ?
Wealthy, indeed, is he who asks my hand ;
His wealth can ev'ry luxury command.
He has a Home—and Flocks—and Grain—and Gold
And his fond love for me he oft has told—

He waits and watches for me in the lane,
And speaks his hopes again and yet again.
He brings me presents—earrings—money bright—
And spreads them temptingly before my sight;
And when unmov'd I coldly turn away,
He sighs, but comes again another day.—
He knows full well I always say the same,
'To be thy wife would be my grief and shame!
And how! could'st thou prize one, who had forsworn
Her heart's deep love, the tend'rest ever borne?—
There is a youth of our avoided race,
Who holds within my heart a sacred place,
He's poor! but poverty is wealth to me,
If but his own I may for ever be.
The heart thou claimest, I have simply told,
No more is mine to give—or to withhold.' ”

“Then if I yet may hope! I yet am dear,
If yet thou heed'st the vows recorded here,
Fly now thy Camp! thy harsh companions flee,
Who rudely strive to sever thee and me,
Mine arm shall guard thee, and my heart adore,
Return not, but be mine for ever more.”

“ Oh ! Hush ! ” she cried, “ I often think and feel,
There is a God to whom I long to kneel,
A God who deck'd the sky with gleaming lights,
A God who marks us thro' our days and nights,
And often when the tempest sweeps around,
And when the Thunder and the Whirlwind sound,
And thou art far ! . . . thou art I know not where—
I clasp my hands and breathe for thee a prayer—
Yes ! and I wish there were a guide to show,
How this great God my heart might learn to know ;—
But—if these thoughts which I cannot controul,
Are held in scorn by thy too daring soul,
Then seek me not again—I must not hear
Thy words of Love—so dang'rous—and so dear :
Behold the bright worlds we above us see !
The sky must surely God's Dominions be,
And if His eyes sometimes to Earth look down,
Let not our works provoke His dreaded frown ;
I know not if thy love as mine is true,
But hear me gently, tho' my words sound new :
It is before God's Altar ! I must swear
Thy lot in life, thy fate in death to share ;
Then, tho' the world our wand'ring ways despise,
Tho' we be wretched outcasts in it's eyes,

Tho' the scant meal be often unobtain'd,
And our rude living by hard toil be gain'd,
Thy tent will be the throne I dearly love,
Whilst North, and South, and East, and West, we rove,
And I will work, and smile on thee, the same
As when at first I blush'd to hear thy name."

The Gipsy gaz'd upon her, as she spoke,
Then paus'd awhile ere he his silence broke—
At length he said, "Thy words have taught me more
Of duty, than I ever knew before :
Maiden ! I love and honour thee anew !
So true to me ! and to thyself so true !—
I will thy ev'ry word and wish obey,
Before the Altar we will kneel and pray,
My Love for thee shall teach me to revere
All that is Sacred held by one so dear."

"Now we must part," regretfully she said,
"And I will steal back softly to my shed;
Kindly on thee may ev'ry bright star shine,
May He who made them, join thy hand and mine,
May He who sees us, He who hears us now,
Befriend the friendless—and fulfil our Vow."

Long is the parting—long the Lover stands
Holding the gentle speaker's outstretch'd hands,
Tears fall like rain from her dark shaded eyes,
And hopes are utter'd, while forbodings rise ;
They bid farewell—perhaps 'tis but a few
Who fully know the pain of an adieu.
There are but few whose souls are fram'd to know
The full extent of Love, or Joy, or Woe;
Love—which can danger face without dismay,
Joy—which can steal all thought and sense away,
Woe—which our last and deadliest foe disarms.
And takes from Death it's horrors and alarms.

RICH AND POOR.

PART II.

ACROSS a Lawn, before a Mansion spread,
Stealthy, yet daring footsteps onward tread;
So light the steps, which bear the form along,
So swift the limbs, so active, and so strong,
That had the slumb'ring Watch-dog startled been,
They would have flown like wings across the green:
Envy awhile the Gipsy's heart opprest—
He gaz'd on grandeur with a troubled breast,
And with a bitter sigh, bethought him—he
Had nought save active limbs, and liberty—
But he that hour had heard love's welcome sweet,
And vow'd his lov'd one soon again to meet,
And the young gipsy scan'd the stars above,
Thought on his gipsy life—his gipsy love.

Look'd on the mansion clos'd with bolt and bar,
And deem'd, wild gipsy ! he was happier far
Than they within that prison—such it seem'd
To one, who day and night of freedom dream'd.

A window opens to the midnight air—
A curtain'd silken couch is outspread there ;
Who stands beside it ?—'tis the mansion's lord,
And now he kneels to one belov'd—ador'd.
She is his wife—she is almost his bride—
He seems as one transfix'd, her couch beside ;
She points her finger to the Heav'n, all bright
With countless stars—just open'd to her sight.
What means it?—She, the beautiful, the high,
Has nothing more to do on Earth, but die.

A maiden trims the Lamp with gliding tread,
Another maiden smooths the tumbled bed ;
A few short moments !—Death had snatch'd his prey,
A Soul was summon'd from the World away ;
Hark ! did the gipsy hear the bitter cry
The Mourner's widow'd heart had sent on high?
He curs'd the envy he but now had felt,
And sought the houseless homestead where he dwelt.

Oh! what a change one hour we often find
Has wrought in the dark chambers of the mind :
The Gipsy strode to the appointed place
Resolv'd to blot out fond Love's ev'ry trace ;
Thinking he was deceiv'd, and crush'd in pride,
And heedless of all things on earth beside ;
And he return'd with fondness all restor'd,
Sure of the faith of her whom he ador'd,
Content all ills to brave and to endure,
Whilst of his lov'd one's heart he felt secure,
And he who friendless all his years had been,
He, had been rous'd to sympathy most keen—
He had beheld a Vision!—oh! how strange
And different from his deep thoughts' widest range—
He had been all but present, when Death's hand
Had o'er the lofty exercis'd command—
Yes! and he had for Strangers griev'd and wept!
And o'er the Great, an unknown watch had kept.
Sometimes how little sympathy we meet
From those whose kindred sorrow would be sweet!
And here and there a Stranger's voice will speak
Words, which can soothe the very hearts that break.

RICH AND POOR.

PART III.

SEE ! to the self same spot approach once more,
Steney the youth who there had stood before ;
A lonely mourner now, the Mansion's Lord
Sees him advance, and speaks a kindly word.
“ Art thou in trouble that thou com'st to me ?
Speak out thy sorrows whatso'er they be—
They will be told to one whose heart has known
Griefs heavier still than those that weigh thee down.”

“ My Lord ! I saw and watch'd thee, in the night
When thy fair Lady's gentle Soul took flight,
No ill intent led me near thy abode,
From Camp to Camp it was my nearest road ;

It did no harm to thy soft velvet sod,
That o'er it the poor Homeless Wand'rer trod!

“A Window open'd! and the wand'rer saw
Thy lovely Lady her last frail breath draw;
My Lord! . . . the Gipsy wept for her and thee—
Befriend him! he'll thy faithful Servant be.”
A pow'rful int'rest fill'd the mourner's breast
For him, who had such thrilling words address,
He check'd the gush of tears that all but fell—
Stifled his sighs—and said—“Thy story tell!”
“It soon is told: a poor and ragged shed
In Infancy a shelter gave my head;
That was my World—I nothing knew beyond,
Save when I snar'd and poach'd in Wood and Pond;
A Quarrel fierce befell our Gang among,
And angry and discordant voices rung—
I knew not ev'n the cause—but I away
From my rude Comrades fled that very day.

“I join'd another Camp which soon I found,
And their loud welcome was a welcome sound—
And young as then I was!—I from that hour
Tho' but sixteen, own'd Love's resistless pow'r.

A Gipsy maiden, scarce as old as me,
And beautiful! as ought that eyes can see,
Refreshment gave me—and with gentle smile,
She stood and gaz'd upon me all the while.
My Lord! the great ones of the Earth must bow
Beneath Love's Pow'r, ev'n as the poor and low—
And why should I upon your time intrude,
By telling how I lov'd—and watch'd—and sued.
Four years at varied pace have since pass'd by—
In Esther's presence! then they seem'd to fly!
But scarce perceptible became their flight
When she was hidden from my aching sight.

“ Still I was happy!—for I ever thought
I should obtain the blessing that I sought;
But I was sever'd from my lov'd one's side
By the dark Pow'rs, our destiny that guide;
I knew not then why he who led our Band,
And took me first so kindly by the hand,
Now turn'd against me, kept her from my view,
Nor gave me pow'r her gentle love to sue.
At last, one ev'ning as I stood and thought
What evil being all this change had wrought,

Esther approach'd me, and aghast with fright,
Said—' Ask not why !—but quit our Camp to night ;
Obey my voice and go—but now and then
When night's deep stillness is around our glen,
Sound a low whistle—and my steps shall fly
To meet my Steney in the greenwood by—
If other ears than mine the signal hear,
If other steps than my quick steps draw near,
(Thy limbs are swift and strong !)—then turn and flee,
Trust not the Traitors who around thee be.

“ ‘ But if I meet thee ! then one moment's bliss,
One fond assurance more of love, like this
Within my heart and soul—by thy lips told,
Shall call back all our happy days of old.’

“ I parted then in ignorance what cause
Could subject me to those most rig'rous laws ;
But I kept watch, and now full well I know
Who is my evil genius, and my foe.
A farmer, one of Earth's most favour'd slaves ;
Who toils for gold, and gold in masses saves,
Had seen my Esther, and had sought by stealth
To gain the pure heart which was all my Wealth !

And they with whom I dwelt, the Ruffian Band !
Engag'd for gold, to give him Esther's hand,
Her Father lent himself their guilt to share,
And bade his Child of my true love beware :
He threat'ning spoke of me, and she alarm'd—
Had thus dismiss'd me, whilst as yet unharm'd."

" And shall I rest thus injur'd ? nor obtain
Redress, for ills that bring such bitter pain ?
God knows ! I never wrong'd a fellow man
When unprovok'd, since first my life began :
But I too long have trodden Life's rough path,
And liv'd in scenes of contest and of wrath,
To part from Vengeance, till I taste it's sweets,
And till my foe just retribution meets—
I would lie down upon the bleak wild heath,
And yield without a pang my latest breath,
If in my dying hour I could but see
My foe ! my rival ! brought as low as me—
Had I too large a share of this World's gifts ?
That thus his hand he to despoil me lifts !
I had one treasure—'twas my all—and he
Mark'd it, and my supplanter sought to be.

But Esther yet is true !—and tho' the gleam
We saw of hope and joy !—was but a dream—
She will not spurn the Gipsy from her side,
Tho' by his rival's gold her faith be tried."

"Thou know'st my story now—My Lord ! I ask
Employment, howsoever hard the task—
If thou to me wilt but employment give,
However poor !—that can but let us live ;
Boldly I then my Esther's hand shall claim,
And day by day we both shall bless thy name :
To do thy bidding shall my pleasure be,
And I will live and die in serving thee."

Thus Steney breath'd the sufferings of his soul,
And patiently the mourner heard the whole—
Then with a look of calm reproof he said—
"Wild is the course thou hitherto hast led :
And deep, alas ! the traces which I see
Of passions harsh and evil stamp'd on thee :
Thy judgment of thy rival is severe—
E're I can render thee assistance here,
Thou must renounce thy hatred, and unsay
All thou hast of that rival said to-day—

But yet my wish is strong to be thy friend,
And help to Esther and to thee to lend ;
To cause thee all thy wild ways to forget,
And be an honest serf and subject yet—
If thou wilt serve me faithfully and well,
And the plain truth wilt always freely tell ;
Then will I give thee work,—thy service pay—
And win thee from thy wild and Godless way ;
Too good a friend to pass thy failings o'er
Unnotic'd, till thou sinnest more and more :
But if thou scorn'st the hand outstretch'd to thee,
If thou dost prove a Traitor false to me,
Then thou, and she, thou tell'st me is so dear,
Must go, as Gipsies unreclaim'd from here :
To herd once more with your wild wand'ring kind,
As those, nor friends can serve, nor friendship bind.”
Not such was Steney—he in grateful tone,
Promis'd to mend the faults so justly shown ;
And said, “ May Heav'n with fav'ring Hand reward
The kindness thou hast on a Stranger pour'd.”

RICH AND POOR.

PART IV.

TIME still sped on, and in night's solemn reign,
Steney had met his Esther once again ;
And he return'd with hopes and vows renew'd,
And with a bounding heart the future view'd :
But, sudden as a bird to earth struck down,
He on the dark and narrow path is thrown ;
By pow'rful hands his throat is grasp'd and press'd,
A heavy foot is stamp'd upon his breast,
And angry voices mutter in his ear—
“ 'Tis for the last time thou hast ventur'd here.”
Dizzy and faint as on the earth he lies,
He on his fierce assailants turns his eyes,

And his two rudest comrades o'er him stand,
Least prone to spare of all the lawless band :
With desp'rate effort from his throat he flings
The powerful iron grasp that round it clings,
And sends a death-cry thro' the woods around,
Where even echos cannot catch the sound.
Yet these wild men, who Steney's doom have sworn,
Start as his cry is o'er the still air borne;
He feels those fingers press his throat once more,
A knife's sharp blade is held the victim o'er ;
Could he have felt Death's hour more fully come,
Had that dread weapon sent his spirit home ?
Hark ! what is coming ? 'tis a mastiff grim,
Poor fainting Steney sees approach to him ;
A human form, quick following, next draws near,
A voice cries, " Up ! arouse ! a friend is here !
Up, Steney ! we are now two men to two,
We'll show them right far more than wrong can do !"
Already the young farmer's hand has found
The pistol he had to his girdle bound ;
It's lock's sharp click the ruffians hear with dread,
They see it pointed at the leader's head ;
The mastiff, too, has with his fangs begun
To share the victory so quickly won.

Dark Gipsy vengeance glar'd in Steney's eye—
Arm'd with a flint his hand was rais'd on high ;
His wild heart for revenge now rudely beat,
He long'd to lay his comrades at his feet.
But, " Hold ! " the farmer cried, " Enough ! 'tis well
They should return, their strange escape to tell."

Alone, and face to face the rivals stand,
The farmer stretches forth his gen'rous hand ;
" 'Tis well," he cries, " that one amidst thy crew
Has kindly feelings and a spirit true ;
A lad this ev'ning came and bade me speed
Here, to this wood, and stop a cruel deed.
He bade me arm myself, if arms I had ;
And, tho' a stranger was the Gipsy lad,
I felt his hurried words were words of truth,
And I resolv'd to trust the dark eyed youth.
' Steney,' he said, ' is doom'd this night to die,
Two of our men for him in ambush lie;
I'll be thy guide, I know the very spot,
Arm !—follow me !—but oh ! betray me not.'
I girded then my pistols to my waist,
My guide imploring me to come with haste;

Swiftly he led—I swiftly follow'd him
In silence, thro' the less'ning twilight dim.
A dog, with heart more true than man's can be!
Thankful enough was I to lead with me;
And soon we reach'd the wood—in plung'd my guide,
I follow'd, with my mastiff by my side;
I doubted whether treachery had been
Employ'd, to lure me to my closing scene;
But I resolv'd while threading the dark wood,
To sell my life as dearly as I could.

“ With horror, then, I heard thy long loud cry,
But Heav'n be prais'd! at least it sounded nigh ;
The dog rush'd forward, bursting from my hold,
Steney, the rest requires not to be told.
A kindly Providence had sent me there,
Because it was His will thy life to spare;
I was the instrument within his hand,
He strengthen'd me to fight at His command:
And Steney! yet shall I His help implore,
That I may never think on Esther more,
Nor strive by her kind heart approv'd to be,
Except by serving and befriending thee.

Remember ! but for me thou had'st not known
The steadfast truth which she to thee hath shown ;
Henceforth our rivalry forgotten be—
Steney ! I too have wrongs to pardon thee !
Thy love has had from her a fond return,
Which I had gladly giv'n my wealth to earn,
And yet to-night these hands have sav'd thy life—
Sav'd thee to claim my lov'd one for thy wife.
I honour her true faith which would not yield
For all my wealth in many a fruitful field ;
Steney, be happy by thine Esther's side—
Steney, be happy with thy gentle bride.

“ But if dark hours shall compass you around—
If thou and Esther are by sickness found—
If poverty shall on thy dwelling press—
If thy proud spirit bends beneath distress—
Remember, I to thee a friend have been
In this still night, within this woodland green—
And trusting come, and tell me what to do,
That I may be again a friend to you.
Or of a friend, if I should stand in need,
If thou can'st help me by some hardy deed,

Steney, the Gipsy! thine shall be the name,
I shall in fullest confidence exclaim—
There is a candour on thy youthful brow,
There is upon thy cheeks a healthful glow,
Which mark a germ of good within thy breast—
May it expand, and ripen, and be blest.

“ Now, lest this treach’rous band should yet surround
Both thee and me, upon their well known ground,
Let us away, and such a force procure
As shall thine Esther’s safe retreat ensure;
If thou art true to her as she to thee,
Thou scarce could’st leave her where such deeds can be.”
And side by side the Rivals onward tread
To where the neighb’ring village is outspread;
The farmer’s statement ready credence gains,
And two companions more he soon obtains.

’Twas no light task to that wild camp to go,
And see in each of its fierce tribe a foe;
Yet ’twas no headlong impulse thither drew
Walter, by danger’s path, to face the crew:
He thought, whilst following where Steney led,
That he might never more that pathway tread.

RICH AND POOR.

PART V.

DEAD silence reigns the dingy tents around—
And can the Gipsy gang have fled their ground?
Steney and Walter on each other raise,
With straining eyes, a long bewilder'd gaze;
Shall they rush in? and Esther bear away?
Or shall they wait and watch till break of day?

Love whisper'd in poor tortur'd Steney's ear,
"Thy signal sound! thine Esther shall be here!"
When was Love's signal ever disobey'd,
When by the constant to the constant made?
As startled fawn from out the covert breaks,
So Esther from her hopeless sorrow wakes!

Bounds thro' the thicket her belov'd to meet,
And sinks upon the pathway at his feet.

And how does Walter that fond meeting brook,
And on his rival and beloved look?
And see and feel how each to each is dear,
Whilst hand to hand, and heart to heart are near.
One moment does the tempter reign within,
And jealous anguish lures his heart to sin;
But nobler feelings all dark thoughts repel—
“ Youth's dream of love and folly! fare thee well.”

But not farewell to gentle Esther yet,
Walter will not her helplessness forget;
Nor will desert the youth to Esther dear,
Tho' he hath blighted all his fond hopes here.
And has the wide world got a home to give,
Where hapless Esther may in safety live;
Till she has Steney's wedded wife become,
And shelter found within his humble home?
Her escort to the village inn repair,
And give up Esther to its good dame's care;
Neither shall Steney lodge in open heath,
His rest is Walter's ample barn beneath.

As in our lives some moments seem so blest,
Though moments only, they're worth all the rest;
So, when we tell a simple tale like this,
Mark'd here and there with sorrow and with bliss,
We love to dwell upon such scenes, nor care
To fill up many a link that's wanted there;
Yet must we still go on, till what befell
Our "Rich and Poor" we shortly strive to tell.

And now the young guide works for Walter's pay,
And his loud song and shout the cows obey;
And there are now kind friends to comfort those
Train'd amidst want, and wickedness, and woes.

The Church her blessing on the lovers sheds,
And each with love and truth the other weds;
An aged rustic gives the bride away,
And Walter ! gives a fête and banquet gay;
And many an useful gift by kindness plann'd,
Is gladly dealt by Walter's gen'rous hand.

The mourner of the mansion gives a home,
Where rest is sweet to those long us'd to roam;

And daily bread till somewhat has been earn'd,
When Steney has to twine the rushes learn'd,
Which grow around his low amphibious cot,
And form the wealth of that sequester'd spot.

And often, when the shades of evening fall,
His Lord does at his lowly cottage call,
Sadly surveys the scant'ly furnish'd shed,
Where rushes are the hardy inmates' bed,
And which, ere long, is plentifully grac'd
By broom and mat for sale in order plac'd.

And in the inmates' happy look and tone,
He sees the pale reflection of his own—
His own lost happiness!—his own bright lot!
When he was blest with her, who now is not;
Thanks God! that though he can no more be blest,
He yet can give the abject bread and rest;
Then, from the happy, shudd'ring turns away,
And hopes to come, more calm, another day.

RICH AND POOR.

PART VI.

MYSTERIOUS chain ! whose links together bind
The "Rich and Poor" throughout the human kind,
Art thou a signal giv'n in this our day,
Of brighter times !—albeit yet far away !
When lamb and lion shall together rest,
And earth shall be in her first freshness drest ?
When on the asp's nest the young child shall place
Its fingers, nor the sting of danger trace ?
When we shall be the members closely knit
Of Christ our Head ! as told in Holy Writ ?
Oh ! if such times our hearts desire to see,
Let us prepar'd for such bright changes be.
Ye Rich ! the warning take, to you address,
Which tells your danger, tho' ye seem so blest ;

Scorn not the needy, lest their voice one day
Shall be uplifted in your ears to say—
“I was an hungred, but ye fed me not—
Sick, but ye never sooth’d my abject lot—
In prison, but ye came not to my aid—
Ruin’d, but ye my ransom never paid.”

Ye Poor ! what be the murmers which I hear
Burst from your lips upon my wond’ring ear?
On you a special blessing hath been pour’d,
Ye are pronounced the “Blessed” by your Lord !
Oh ! bind that blessed sentence on your heart,
Let ev’ry envious thought at once depart:
And tho’ your meal be spent, your cruse be dry,
Let no reproach against your patience lie.
Take up your Cross !—your Lord a worse hath borne—
Thorny your paths, but thorns your Lord hath worn.
Speed on, ye “Rich and Poor,” through joy and woe—
Speed on, and may ye prosper as ye go.

JOANNA OF NAPLES.

JOANNA OF NAPLES.

Provençe ! 'twould seem that earth, sky, sea,
Sav'd all their brightest looks for thee :
For each its choicest offerings
Of flow'rs—and stars—and waters brings—
Thou seemest Nature's chosen shrine,
Since Nature's ev'ry gift is thine—
No marvel that thy minstrels' lays
Of old so sweetly sang thy praise,
And that from ev'ry clime and court,
Charm'd list'ners would to thee resort :
But now tho' on thy favour'd shore,
The waters sparkle as before,
And tho' thy vaunted gardens still
The flow'rs with sweetest odours fill,

Thy stars shine bright as then they shone,
Thy days of pride—and song—have flown.
Provençe! to thy fair shores we read
Joanna came in hour of need: *
The tongues of traitors false had been
To Naples' bright and beauteous queen;
But still Provençal hearts she knew
Were brave and loyal, fond and true,
And to Provençe Joanna came,
Where all had learn'd to bless her name.

She came her wrongs and griefs to pour,
The holy papal throne † before,
And wipe dishonour from her name,
Which rebel tongues had dar'd defame.

'Tis the historian's task to show,
Her name brought forth as pure as snow: ‡
'Tis ours—with lighter themes to play,
And idle moments wile away.

* Joanna had been suspected of participation in the murder of her first husband, Andrew of Hungary.

† Clement the Sixth was Pope at this period.

See "Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples."

‡ Joanna was pronounced by her Judges "Not only innocent, but above the suspicion of guilt." See "Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples."

There was a loud and thrilling cry,
Of thousands shouting fealty
To one—there was a name ador'd,
From countless lips with rapture pour'd.
Hearts that till now had never beat,
In holy bond of concord sweet;
Hearts, sunder'd and embitter'd long,
All hearts were knit in Avignon:
And as each glance to heaven turns,
When some bright star of promise burns,
So on one idol ev'ry eye
Alike was gazing fervently.
It was a steed of purest white,
That bore their idol to their sight,
And whilst with chaf'd affrighted stare,
He gaz'd on all the gazers there,
Her skilful hand with gentle grace,
Controul'd his eager agile pace.
The bounding palfrey seem'd to know,
Tho' govern'd by an arm of snow,
It was no arm unus'd to reign,
That sought his ardour to restrain;
And unresisting—he obey'd
Each sign the slender fingers made,

So well he priz'd the gem he wore,
'Twas Naples' peerless Queen he bore.
He bore her thro' a shouting throng,
Who worship'd as she pass'd along,
And sweetly did her smiles reward
The kindly blessings round her pour'd,
Whilst her uplifted eye express'd—
Oh! be Provence for ever bless'd!

But who may tell what sorrows deep,
Beneath the smiles of gladness sleep?
And who may bid that heart be blest,
Which grief has chosen for her nest?
Or cause the memory to fly,
Of scenes afar, and hours gone by?
Thus were unutter'd sorrows stor'd;
By her whom ev'ry heart ador'd;
Thus on that proud and festive day,
Remembrance stole her joys away.
Naples! she never could forget—
Naples! her home her country yet—
Her heart was still to Naples true,
And fondly back to Naples flew;

Thus when from friendship's fair array,
 The best belov'd has turn'd away,
 Whose friendship thro' life's stormy night,
 Had shone like heav'nly beams of light;
 Tho' others yet remain behind,
 More true, more constant, and more kind,
 Who share our grief, and round us press,
 To soothe us with their tenderness,
 Tho' fondly thankfully we feel
 The love their gentle cares reveal,
 We gladly would renounce it all,
 The one frail friendship to recall.

And could Provençal chivalry
 Unmov'd the fair Joanna see?
 No!—in the Tournoi many a lance
 Gleam'd bright beneath her radiant glance,
 And knights fought bravely—and fought well—
 And many a helmet bow'd* and fell.

And now lou gai† science awoke,
 Attun'd to the soft “langue d'oc,”‡

*Judges, Chap. 5th, Ver. 27th.

† “Lou gai science” was the ancient French name for Troubadour's music.

‡ The language of the South of France was called the *Langue d'oc*, in contradistinction to the language of the northern part, then styled the “*Langue d'oui*,” “*Oui*” and “*Oc*” having the same signification.

See “Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples.”

With music filled the balmy air,
And pleas'd the list'ning concourse there.
But there was one, whose soul of fire
Could each Provençal heart inspire,
Whose ev'ry word, and ev'ry strain,
Could each Provençal heart enchain;
And shouts of transport loudly broke,
When he his slumb'ring lute awoke.
Across the strings his fingers stray'd—
It almost seem'd that he who play'd
Scarce guiding them, in reckless mood
Amid his countless hearers stood;
Yet rapt was ev'ry list'ner's ear,
With sounds he scarcely deign'd to hear.
He sigh'd—the minstrel's ardent heart
In those wild ramblings had no part,
But rambling on, his hands awoke
A strain that to all natures spoke—
All hearts, its magic notes enthrall'd,
And ev'n the minstrel's pow'r recall'd.

As when some torrent, long restrain'd,
It's wild impetuous course has gain'd,

And thund'ring rolls,—'twas thus that he
Burst into song, inspir'd and free;
And oh! 'twas like a fairy dream,
Bewitching, tender, wild—'twould seem
That countless fingers hid from view,
Athwart the strings enchanted flew.
Now in lament his notes ascend,
And sweetly those bewailings blend
With the minore's pathos deep,
Soft tears which music loves to weep.

Oh! 'tis a bliss too pure and rare,
And exquisite for mortals' share,
When music's gentle breathings steal
On those who her enchantments feel:
And was it mortal man could bring
Such fresh delights from music's spring?
It was—but heaven had deign'd inspire
That mortal's soul with heav'nly fire.

When the last quiv'ring chord had died,
His silent lute he flung aside,
But still inspir'd, with eye uprais'd,
On sights unseen by others gaz'd;

As if the spirit pure of song,
On heav'nward wing had fled the throng,
And that he sought a last adieu
Ere she was hidden from his view :
Nor from his vision he awoke,
Till Naples' Queen his praises spoke.
And whilst her words, whose silv'ry tone
Breath'd music sweet as was his own,
Her thanks—her raptures—strove to tell,
Each felt alike enchantment's spell—
She with the minstrel's melting lays,
He, with Joanna's gentle praise.

Recall with fancy's boundless pow'r,
The tournament—the troubadour—
Then with thine own unaided eye
Look round and seek this pageantry :
The combatant has ceas'd his strife,
The victor yielded up his life,
The Troubadour has hushed his song,
And silenc'd is the shouting throng.

And she—the lov'd and beauteous Queen,
Has she, too, vanished from the scene?

She for whose smiles the weapons rang,
She of whose charms the minstrels sang;
She at whose praise each heart beat proud,
Has fled, amidst the fleeting crowd;
And radiant as the rainbow's light,
Has beam'd to fade as soon from sight.
And is it blighting time has done
His work upon this cherished one?
No! treason's murd'rous hand has been
Upris'd to Naples' darling Queen,
The pride of gay Provence—the flow'r
Most fair in fair Sicilian bow'r.
Oh! 'tis a dismal thing to dwell
On the gay tales that legends tell,
Whose ev'ry trace has perish'd—save
Some ruin'd tow'r, or mouldring grave.
But yet, how sweetly fancy feeds,
In silence on the olden deeds;
Nor are they but an idle dream,
The wise can make them wisdom's theme:
They to the crumbling traces turn
And ponder—for 'tis there they learn,
On pow'r and pomp and pageant's blaze,
With calm undazzled eye to gaze.

Who treads the battle field alone,
Where arms, where valour, late have shone,
But feels the chilling thought oppress,
That greatness is but littleness?
Where late has been a goodly show
Of brave and lordly warriors—Lo!
How few perchance there yet remain
Of all the high heroic train:
A little time sweeps by—and brings
Another race of Chiefs and Kings.
But you to whose bereavèd eyes
Lov'd slaughter'd kinsmens' forms arise,
Some marble slab of spectral hue,
Is more than glory!—dear to you.
But to your hearts be dear the thought,
The dead undying names have bought,
And if the wreath with rapture clasp'd,
Was but in death's chill moment grasp'd,
Yet—whether its unearthly bloom
Grace their worn brow, or deck their tomb—
Alike 'tis Glory's gift—and lives
Like her who weaves it—her who gives;
They slum'bring on a warrior's bier,
Immortal live in Heav'n—and here.

Dwell holy peace within St. Clair !*
Joanna's form is resting there
In death—her soul in Heav'nward flight
Has burst its tabernacle bright.
But ever, tho' that soul be free,
It's ruin'd shrine shall sacred be.
Oh ! rest thee—ill requited Queen,
From wrongs, from rebels freed—unseen
By Naples throng—and o'er thy sleep
Let Angels watch—whilst mortals weep.
Yes, by thy beauteous sculptur'd bed,
Unnumber'd tears have mortals shed,
To think of thee, so high, so fair,
And think of all thou had'st to bear—
But let us rather trust that thou
Art blest beyond earth's blessings now.
Tho' born an earthly throne to fill,
In Hist'ry tho' a Sovereign still ;
And tho' thy form whilst here on earth,
Was fair as if of Heav'nly birth—
Would'st thou the Heav'nly sphere forsake,
Thy sceptre and thy crown to take,
And quit thy peaceful marble tomb,
For regal hall and gilded dome?

* The Church of Naples where Joanna is buried. Her tomb is remarkable for its beauty.

Say, was not here thy ev'ry joy,
Debas'd with much of earth's alloy—
And ev'n thy joys imperfect, spread
Scantly as pearls in ocean's bed?

Could not thy lofty gen'rous heart
One loyal sentiment impart,
And turn the trait'rous hearts of those
Who were thy sworn, tho' secret foes?
No—time shall sooner furl his wing,
Than treachery shall cease to sting:
Sooner the eagle's wing shall soar,
Air's boundless regions to explore,
Encumber'd in his heav'nward way,
By some ignoble bird of prey,
Than hearts, the noble and the base,
One kindrèd feeling shall embrace;
Or ties of gratitude shall bind
A rebel, to a monarch kind.

And thus—a trait'rous * hand we see
Close Muro's frowning gates on thee,

* That of the perfidious Durazzo, who plotted against Joanna.
See "Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples."

And see thee in its dreary halls,
 Surrounded by a prison's walls.
 Howbeit, a sacred shrine was plac'd
 Within those halls by sin disgrac'd;
 And day by day thy soul would there
 Forget it's griefs in fervent prayer ;*
 Thine only comfort was to tell
 Thy woes, to Him who knew them well—
 Thine only solace was to pour
 Thy griefs, that Holy One before;
 Whilst echoes, whisper'd from above,
 Seem'd tokens kind of heav'nly love.

There did'st thou kneel, and there did'st pray,†
 That heav'n would cheer thy weary way;
 Perchance, that heav'n would kindly close
 Thy darken'd day of wrongs and woes.
 Who could a death more blessèd die,
 Than to expire God's altar by?

* Joanna was scrupulously attentive to her religious duties.
 See " Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples."

† At stated hours Joanna performed her devotions alone in the Chapel of the Castle ; on the morning of the 22nd of May, she repaired as usual to the sacred spot, and while she knelt before the altar, the Hungarian soldiers secretly entered, and whilst two of them guarded the door, the other two passed a silk cord round her neck, and instantly strangled her. See " Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples."

Off'ring devotions' sacred flame,
Breathing their Maker's holy name ?
And such thy death—thy bitter foe
Before God's altar laid thee low,
Thy murd'rer, with unsparing hand,
Before God's altar dar'd to stand.
And, full of comfort is the thought,
That death to thee deliv'rance brought;
The hope, that when departing hence,
God's mercy was thy strong defence.
That it was God who fitting saw,
Thy suppliant spirit to withdraw;
That on thy sorrow deign'd to look,
And to himself thy spirit took;
Whilst angels bless'd the Lord's decree,
And into glory welcom'd thee.

WAR SONG OF THE SEA.

I.

Our Channel's waves are swelling,
With some emotions new;
Their whispers hoarse are telling,
Of hostile ships in view.

II.

Of perils that await us,
Thro' plots in Foreign lands;
Of hostile hearts that hate us,
Of arms in hostile hands.

III.

Their darling land embracing,
They loudly cry, "What cheer?"
Are doubts and fears disgracing
The Sons of Glory here?

IV.

Hark! Britain's Sons!—victorious,
Alike by sea and land;
In strength and valour glorious,
Again your foes withstand.

V.

Arm! arm ye to the battle!
Ye gallant and renown'd;
Before the din and rattle
Of hostile cannon sound.

VI.

And meet them on the water,
Their daring course to stem,
And slay with mighty slaughter,
For we have graves for them.

VII.

The waves shall still surround you,
And whilst we round you be,
No strangers shall confound you,
Beloved of the sea!

VIII.

Let not your hearts be failing,
Tho' countless foes draw near;
No foe your land assailing,
Shall print his footstep here.

IX.

Be rich in ev'ry blessing,
Your ev'ry foot of ground—
Be ev'ry tongue expressing,
The mercies that abound.

X.

Oh! England!—happy nation,
So honour'd midst the rest,
Maintain your lofty station,
Be ever great and blest.

XI.

Your sons be ever duteous,
When you their service claim;
Your daughters ever beauteous,
Be evermore the same.

XII.

Your rich men! seek they ever,
To spend and to be spent;
And let your poor endeavour,
Tho' poor—to be content.

XIII.

Move on your groaning wagons,
That teem with fruitful store;
Your sons shall fight like dragons,
To guard you evermore.

XIV.

In senate, field, and bower,
Let ev'ry heart beat true;
A bulwark and a tower,
Be steadfast hearts to you.

XV.

And hear us, thou who sittest
On Earth's most noble throne;
Most nobly thou befittest,
That sceptre of thine own.

XVI.

May war, and war's disorders,
Thy people never see;
May peace within thy borders,
Thro' countless ages be.

XVII.

That throne which hath been planted,
By an Almighty hand,
To thee, our Queen, was granted,
In love to this our land.

XVIII.

And we shall still be near you,
As we have ever been,
To guard and to revere you,
Our Country and our Queen.

THE NOTES OF NATURE.

I.

Hark ! to the notes of nature,
To the music of the deep—
The breathing of the ocean,
When her billows softly sleep;
And the wind's voice at midnight,
When no other voice is heard;
Its swelling sounds are mournful,
Like a prophet's evil word.

II.

We sometimes listen as to strange revealings,
Whilst our heart speaks its plaintive thoughts alone;
Roaming amidst the ruins of its feelings,
Where darkness reigns, but joy once brightly shone.
The dead once more we fondly fancy near us,
And gaze on their distinctly imag'd face;
Whisper love's words, and almost think they hear us,
And see them filling their accustomed place.

III.

Hark ! to the birds in summer,
They in soul-less melody,
Tell out their joy and gladness,
To the sad who round them sigh;
Yet their's is magic music !
All their notes an echo meet,
For even to the mournful,
Their blithe carollings are sweet.

IV.

Hark to the eager voice of kindly greeting,
Where the heart oft has fondly flown before ;
Or falt'ring farewell hopes of future meeting,
Whilst the hearts tremble lest they meet no more.
When was a ling'ring farewell ever spoken,
But some ill-omened voice has seemed to cry,
Ye part— as when a chain is rudely broken,
Go ponder each in fear and misery.

V.

Mournful the looks of nature,
In stern winter's fetters bound—
In cold and dreary prison,
With her offspring dead around;

Or ev'n in gentler summer,
When beneath the storm she bends;
Whilst Heaven frowns upon her,
And His thunders fiercely sends.

VI.

Sad are the marks that early sorrow traces,
Lines on young brows, and tears upon young cheeks;
And life's gay spring each fear, each pang, defaces,
Till silently the suff'ring aspect speaks.
Some may brave boldly all life's ills and dangers,
Or garner secretly the woes they feel;
But not the less are they to gladness strangers,
On whom the hand of care has set its seal.

VII.

We all have mournful moments,
And tyrannic spells we own,
That gather sternly round us,
When we're languid and alone;
A Phantom sits beside us,
And it whispers coming woe,
And threatens to be with us,
On whatever way we go.

VIII.

But then again more gentle hours restore us,

A fancied voice breathes hope, and love, and peace;

A heavy veil seems lifted from before us,

And calmer thoughts foretell, our grief shall cease.

But whose ! the tones that whisper woe or kindness,

To what—to whom—thus listen we enthrall'd ?

We fear in ignorance, we hope in blindness,

By fancied shadows solac'd or appall'd.

WAR IN THE EAST.

1847.

The heavy tread is heard again,
Of British hosts on Eastern plain;
A daring foe is in the field,
And Sikh or Briton—one must yield.
Shall Britons tamely suffer wrong?
They who have ruled the East so long?
Uprouse ye, Britons!—one and all,
Obey your gallant leaders' call;
And tho' the hostile troops in view
Be many, and yourselves be few,
Yet, what of this?—the British bands
Have lion hearts, and iron hands—
And tho' your foes be ten to one,
They shall not see the setting sun.
Your arms look doubly bright to-day,
Touch'd by the broad sun's eastern ray,

And ere the setting of that sun,
A work of death ye shall have done;
Ye shall to prostrate ranks have shown,
More desp'rate valour than their own,
And snatch'd one laurel chaplet more,
To lay Britannia's throne before.
Hear ! each and all your leaders' cry !
They bid you to the foe draw nigh—
Assemble round the flags they wave,
Be ready for the death they brave;
Obey their voice—and come what will—
In life—in death—be Britons still !

'Tis with “confused noise”* and din,
That battle's fearful scenes begin;
And “garments roll'd in blood” must be
The ensigns earthly warriors see.
The ceaseless roar of heavy guns—
The death cry of the smitten ones—
The sounds of anguish and despair—
The trumpets pealing thro' the air—
Steeds by the fallen left at large,
Still rushing onward to the charge,

*Confused noise, and garments roll'd in blood. Isaiah, 9th chapt. 5th verse.

Or madly trampling on the slain,
Who lately urg'd them o'er the plain.
The leaders' accents firm and clear,
The fearless soldiers' answering cheer!
And as each trusty comrade falls,
Some loud voice which for vengeance calls!
Such gleams and shadows—such and more,
Flit wildly o'er the scenes of war,
Whilst heavy in each soldier's breast,
Are griefs and feelings unconfess'd;
In many a heart a world of woe,
No other human heart can know.

A father leads his stripling son
Within the range of pointed gun;
Yet gladly would, with instant death,
Redeem that lov'd one's precious breath.
A soldier from some rustic spot—
And even there remember'd not,
Unless by those who gave him birth,
And her! to whom he's all on earth—
Essays to check some stifled pang
That wakes, midst war's tumultuous clang.

But, what to these the soldier's doom,
The brave cut off in boyhood's bloom?
The lov'd ones on that fatal day,
Swept from the very earth away?
Tho' hopes may wither, hearts may break,
Yet death is sweet for glory's sake.

The Sikh his rapid course has run,
The warfare in the East is done;
A shatter'd remnant now remains
Of hosts who cover'd India's plains:
The Sikh his haughty head has bow'd
Before the British banners proud,
The sleep of death, his warriors sleep,
Beneath the river's current deep,
Or lie unburied and unblest'd,
When they in countless thousands press'd.

Their treasure is in stranger hands,
Their guns, a conq'ring foe commands—
That foe who felt their deadly pow'r
In battle's dark and fatal hour;
But as the lion grasps his prey,
Those mighty engines bore away.

Not to the swift, nor to the strong,
Does certain victory belong !
The Lord of Hosts for us hath fought,
Our daring foe hath set at nought;
And sooner earth and heaven should fail,
Than Sikh or Satan could prevail,
'Gainst those defended in the field,
By the Almighty's sword and shield.
Perchance !—" another woe is past,"*
Oh ! pray we that it be the last
Dread vial of God's wrath outpour'd,
In this our day—by Israel's Lord.

Ye victors ! ye who nobly fought,
Whose arms a hard-earn'd triumph bought;
Whose fearless hearts are beating high,
Whose spirits all the world defy;
And you, now slumb'ring on the plain,
Whose hearts will never beat again;
Who bravely bore your ample share,
In all the British triumphs there;
Think not your names unhonour'd be,
Ye who your triumphs live to see;

* R e l a t i o n s .

Think not ye unlamented fell,
Ye who have done your part so well;
The gentle tongues of British dames,
Extol, with grateful pride, your names,
Their eyes have wept the tears of woe,
For you, their countrymen! laid low.
And prouder grow proud Britain's sons,
At these your deeds—ye valiant ones—
When to our shores the tidings flew,
Of all endured and done by you;
With vengeful hearts we cried—"once more,
Oh! may those captur'd cannon roar,
And render to our hated foe,
The fire that laid our Britons low."
But "carnal minds * are enmity
'Gainst God"—and hateful in his eye;
And with such thoughts, can it be well
The Christian's chasten'd heart should swell?
Oh! let us for such mercies! show
The thankful feelings that we owe
To Him! whose mighty arm, alone,
Could make the victory our own.
Pray we that this, our native land,
May ever thus her foes withstand:

* Epistle to the Romans, 8th chap. 7th ver.

That there be evermore, as now,
The flush of pride of Britain's brow.
"Pray for the peace"* of far Lahore—
Oh! pray for peace from shore to shore;
And pray that peace, with lengthen'd reign,
May rule the Eastern World again.

* Psalm 122nd, ver. 6th.

“AGES YET UNBORN.”

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING POEMS, WERE WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND, TO BE SOLD AT A BAZAAR FOR COLLECTING A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS BUILDING A CHAPEL FOR THE USE OF THE PEOPLE EMPLOYED IN THE COAL MINES.

I.

Ye have assembled here to bless
An overshadow'd race,*
And show the “Sun of righteousness”
In a benighted place.

II.

Deep voices from beneath, beseech
To learn “the truth—the way;”
Be it your gentle care, to teach
The poor to hope—and pray.

III.

Yourselves, your children safely go
In virtue's paths entic'd,
But Christians! ah! it is not so
That ye have learnèd Christ.

* The people employed in the coal mines.

IV.

'Tis not enough yourselves should live,
A choice, a chosen few ;
Oh! freely raise your hands, to give
The mercies *heap'd* on you.

V.

Ye sit by blazing hearths, at eve,
With all ye love around !
They—light, and home, and children leave,
To toil beneath the ground.

VI.

It is their toil by day, by night,
That makes your dwellings glow ;
Oh! let your help, the Gospel's light,
Upon your Brethren throw.

VII.

And those whom to “the truth” ye turn,
Shall teach their sons the same,
And “Ages yet unborn” shall learn
To bless their Maker's name.

“OLD TIMES.”

I.

Why talk we of the “Olden time,”
And vaunt the “days of yore,”
And ring an everlasting chime
On years that are “no more?”

II.

Why is a charm so fondly found
In hours long since “gone by?”
’Tis—that they dwell on Holy Ground,
They live in memory.

III.

And know we not the hours are dear,
Which in succession roll,
And has the passing day or year
No place within our soul?

IV.

Yes—hours, and days, and years, there be,
We thus on parting bless;
"Farewell! I shall look back on thee
With yearning tenderness!"

V.

Love—friendship—duty—all may sink;
But, whilst our life shall last,
We shall, whilst yet we feel and think,
Be faithful to "the past!"

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE SAME BAZAAR.

I.

What wilt thou have? A bag? a book?

A snatch of poetry?

I see thee pass—I see thee look—

But never see thee buy!

II.

Hast thou no lady-love to please?

No sister? and no friend?

Hast *thou* no taste for things like these?

No money bright to spend?

III.

Perhaps thou didst forget thy purse,

Or drop it by the way—

(Too bad!) or else, perhaps, (far worse!)

Thou dost not like to pay.

B B

IV.

And shall our things remain unbought?

Of old, knights deem'd it bliss

To gain a scarf by lady wrought,

A lady's glove to kiss.

V.

Aye! and a look from some bright eye,

Like many an eye that's here,

Could in the days of chivalry

Arrest each cavalier.

VI.

So, not to supplicate in vain,

Let dame and damsel stand,

But stop, some trifle to obtain

From ev'ry lady's hand.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR A BAZAAR TO BE HELD FOR THE
PURPOSE OF BUILDING A CHAPEL.

I.

Many and many scatter'd round,
Oft at your hands relief have found;
Oh! turn not now unmov'd away,
They ask the "Bread of Life" to-day.

II.

Show gentle mercy, for their sakes,
On whom a Godless sabbath breaks,
Week after week, and leaves them more
Sons of perdition than before.

III.

Have not the Holy Writings told?
How in Judea's Land, of old,
Where crowds to hear their Master sought,
To feed them miracles were wrought.

IV.

And how fulfil ye His command,
"Go feed my sheep," if at your hand
No kindly succour they obtain,
Who seek the Bread from Heaven to gain.

V.

A blest and prosp'rous work 'twill be
To set the bound in spirit free!
And all the Heav'nly hopes to teach,
Which no unaided heart can reach.

VI.

How doubly dreary were this world,
If no bright banner were unfurl'd!
Inscrib'd with hopes of future bliss
In a far diff'rent world to this!

VII.

Unfurl it, then, that banner bright—
Lift it, before your brethren's sight—
Wave it, and cheer them to the rest
Prepar'd for the redeem'd and blest!

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE SAME OCCASION.

Blest ! are the very steps of those
Who come glad tidings to disclose;
And blest ! the lips which to our ear,
Bring news we long have sigh'd to hear:
Then shall not they be lov'd and bless'd,
Who forward in this cause have press'd,
Who round you stand in courtly throng,
To serve you as ye pass along,
And with prompt eye, and ready hand,
Await, attend, your least command.
Are ye so blind ye cannot read
Looks, which thus eloquently plead?
Will ye not some few trifles take
For the fair slender fingers' sake?
Strangers ! perchance, amongst them be
Glances, which not unmoved ye see—

Hands, which mysterious value throw
On ev'ry worthless thing they show;
Yet, though unreal the worth they give,
It will like their remembrance, live:
If so—resist not their appeal,
But lend yourselves to all they feel,
Who for benighted brethren plead,
Who strive the hungry souls to feed;
And when some gentle summer air,
To you far Sabbath chimes shall bear,
Which sound to call the “lost sheep” home,
A soothing memory shall come,
That ye the altar help'd to rear,
And taught the poor God's name to fear—
That ye the “bread of life” have cast
Upon the waters, and at last
Shall find it after many days,
And meet your blessed Master's praise.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE SAME OCCASION.

PLACED ON AN INDEX FOR SHOWING THE DAY OF THE MONTH.

When shall we sick'ning turn our eyes
From all this vain world's vanities,
And as the hours and days sweep past,
Remember each may be our last?
In childhood, years appear a long
Unmeasur'd time of sport and song;
In early youth, each seems a space
So wide, we scarce its limits trace.
But as we number more, we find
How little each has left behind;
And onward as we further press,
We feel our frail life's littleness,
Till age, with sand-glass well nigh spent,
Shows the weak stay whereon we leant.
And when that time of serious thought,
All its experience shall have brought,

Each day shall to another tell,
Each night shall certify full well,
Tho' we nor speech nor language hear,
That an enduring world is near—
A world, where soon our souls must know
Eternal bliss, or endless woe.

LINES

WRITTEN ON CARDS FOR A BAZAAR, IN AID OF
A PARISH SCHOOL.

I.

“ And what are these?” I hear you cry,
When first my poor cards you espy—
And ask, “ What’s to be paid ?”
But, recollect, you come not here
To cavil, and to call things dear,
No bargains here are made !

II.

Come, pay your few pence, more or less—
If cheated you’ll have no redress !
So speak more cheerfully;
Their use is more than I can tell,
Only the cards are done—to sell,
And you’re plac’d here—to buy.

III.

Utilitarians — — — forbear,
'Tis most unhandsome, I declare,
Such questions to propose;
Besides, I'll tell you in a minute,
If you've an album—shut them in it,
And so the matter close.

VERSES

FOR THE SAME BAZAAR.

I.

Those who in wildest regions be,
Those who in darkness lie
At earth's remotest ends, shall see
The day spring from on high.

II.

The glorious work is now begun,
In many a distant land;
And how shall we the light task shun,
That's offer'd to our hand?

III.

When widely distant lands are stirr'd
By Christ's awak'ning call,
Shall not "The Isles" spread forth his word,
To rich—and poor—and all?

IV.

Thro' dangers Missionaries speed,
An "unknown God" to preach:
Contented toil—submissive bleed—
For the high truths they teach.

V.

And shall our hearts no pity touch,
At children's suppliant cry?
Tho' Christ hath told us, that of such
His kingdom is on high.

VI.

Quench not the Spirit, who would show'r
On them His helping grace;
Aid not the dark Satanic pow'r,
To lure them to his place.

VII.

Oh! may the Spirit's help divine,
On them be timely pour'd,
Their hearts in childhood to incline,
To love and serve the Lord.

VIII.

And when admonished—let them not
Murmur and disobey,
And wish that God had cast their lot
Amidst the great and gay!

IX.

Nor let them envy rich attire,
And gold, and pearl, and gem;
Ah! why should envy's scorching fire
Consume and torture them.

X.

God! sees not as the eye of man,
Varied conditions sees;
God! at one searching glance can scan,
Dangers in wealth and ease.

XI.

But let the rich improve with care
The privilege they own;
They with the poor their bread can share,
And guide them to God's throne.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ARMOUR.

FOR THE SAME BAZAAR.

I.

Bend, bend the bow, ye men of war,
And bend the bow with might;
Rest in inglorious ease no more,
But arm ye for the fight.

II.

The trappings of the horse hoofs sound,*
The prancings of the proud !
For Satan's forces are around,
We hear his challenge loud.

III.

Not like to earthly battles ours,
With garments rolled in blood, †
But principalities and pow'rs ‡
Unseen, must be withstood.

* Judges, 5th chap. 22nd ver.

† Isaiah, 9th chap. 5th ver.

‡ Ephesians, 6th chap. 5th ver.

IV.

How ! shall we meet such Spirit foes,
Such deadly warfare wage?
What to their mighty strength oppose,
Their malice and their rage?

V.

We in our Master's strength must stand,
And in His cause must fight,
With breastplate on, and sword in hand, *
And heaven ! in our sight.

VI.

But woe to those who are not taught
To Christ betimes to come;
The poor ! the lost !—whom none have sought,
Whom none have gather'd home.

VII.

And such, behold ! around you stray,
Such near your dwellings live;
Let them not ask in vain to-day,
What ye have got to give.

* Ephesians, 6th chap. 14th ver.

VIII.

The Christian's armour,* shield and sword,
They're asking at your hand,
To march to battle with their Lord,
And Satan to withstand.

IX.

Oh! let them, then, to battle bear,
The Christian's sword and shield,
The Christian's suit of armour wear,
The Christian's weapons wield.

* Ephesians, 6th chap. 13th ver.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR A FANCY FAIR, TO AID THE FUNDS OF
AN HOSPITAL.

Whose eye has not with grateful love explor'd
The page which tells the mercies of our Lord?
When here a weary sojourner He dwelt,
And our infirmities and wants he felt.
The fainting sufferers, scorn'd by all beside,
Found help and favour when to Him they cried;
And shall we read, and coldly turn the page,
Nor strive our brethren's sufferings to assuage?
Has sickness, and has poverty no claim
On us, who bear our Saviour's holy name?
Shall we (Christ's followers) turn unmov'd away,
When 'tis His voice demands our help to-day?
"Love one another," were the words He spake,
Oh! let us help each other for His sake!

And strengthen, if we can, the feeble knees,
And give the pining and the tortur'd ease.

Here, then, we see a way to help and bless
Our brethren, in their sickness and distress ;
We're ask'd to yield from our superfluous wealth,
If but a mite!—to give the sick man health:
And shall we not enjoy with lighter heart,
Our home! our happiness ! if we impart
Some trifling aid, ere we retire from here,
The sick—the weak—the destitute to cheer.
Look at the faces pleading all around,
Hark at the voices which so gently sound.
It is a small request they ask of you,
It is a trifling work they bid you do :
They bid you not beside the sick-bed stand,
And give the healing potion from your hand,
And strive to catch each faintly murmur'd word,
And to obey each wish when scarcely heard :
They ask you—shame on you, if ye deny
The small request!—some trifling thing to buy.
Their hands with skill, and industry, have wrought
The things their love and zeal have hither brought;

Their part is well nigh done—Oh ! further still
Their work of love, and purchase as they will.
Buy freely from the stalls their hands have dress'd,
To help the friendless—needy—and distress'd.
Complete their work of charity—and share
The poor man's blessing—and his thankful prayer.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON AN INDEX TO FIND THE DAY OF THE
WEEK AND MONTH

Hour after hour—day after day—
Year after year, has pass'd away ;
And is there nothing we can learn
From time, which never shall return?
It warns us, though no change we trace,
Our life speeds on with steady pace;
Nor is there sorrow in the thought,
With peace and hope, and joy 'tis fraught—
For there's a voice of healing pow'r,
In our last agonizing hour,
Cries to the weary and oppress'd,
“ Depart, for this is not your rest !”
When at the gate of death we stand,
It opens to a Saviour's hand;

He helps us thro' it, for he, too,
 The grave and gate of death pass'd thro';
 He who brings forth the sunshine bright,
 From the dark curtain of the night,
 He can command the fainting soul
 Boldly to break from earth's controul,
 It's robe of flesh aside to lay,
 To fling its pilgrim staff away,
 To lean on Him, and Him alone,
 Who hath such boundless mercy shown,
 And from the form that sinking lies,
 Burst into being in the skies.

LOVE.

A BALLAD OF SPAIN.

I.

Oh! what is love in these weary days?
Is it now a lifeless thing—
Like the sun without its pow'r or rays,
Like the year without its spring?

II.

And what was love in the early time,
When the very earth seem'd young?
In the orange groves—in the sunny clime—
The hills of Spain among?

III.

Love was, and he still must ever be,
The master of the mind—
And in ev'ry nation and degree,
Rule o'er the human kind.

IV.

And proudly and long did he rule and reign,
O'er the Don Alvarez' soul;
That haughty Hidalgo of haughty Spain,
Was fast in his controul.

V.

Yet he worshipp'd not with bended knee,
Nor woo'd with suppliant eye,
Tho' his heart to Donna Iva he
Had vow'd in secrecy.

VI.

He bow'd as Ghebers to the sun,
Yet silently ador'd;
As rites proscrib'd, in secret done,
Were his orisons pour'd.

VII.

And how far'd the Donna Iva's heart?
Was it all unfetter'd still,
And could she fling the poison'd dart,
Uninjur'd, at her will?

VIII.

Now, she was not one to give unsought
That love so many claim'd,
So many deem'd were cheaply bought
At any price she nam'd.

IX.

Yet how knew she that he lov'd her well,
When he'd never told her so?
And had sooner died, than risk'd to tell
A love not answer'd to?

X.

Why, she knew it in a thousand ways—
A thousand nothings told
The secret, that, in all his days,
He'd not have deign'd unfold.

XI.

He'd with the lightest, loveliest, dance—
Their sportive agile bound,
Scarcely would win from him a glance,
As he reckless led them round.

XII.

And yet on her his eyes would dwell,
How sternly, sadly, long;
Their mute expression more would tell,
Than words or midnight song.

XIII.

But coldly he those eyes withdrew,
When her's on him would turn;
And he quickly vanish'd from her view,
Lest she his thoughts should learn.

XIV.

Yet the inmost thoughts to her were known,
Which Alvarez' heart oppress'd;
His hidden sorrows were her own,
Unsooth'd and unconfess'd.

XV.

At once in the crowded banquet room—
At once in the throng'd street—
She knew the wave of his graceful plume,
Or the tread of his horse's feet.

XVI.

She would know his voice's soften'd tone,
Tho' to other's ear address'd ;
And she thought of him as she wept alone,
And his cherish'd name she bless'd.

XVII.

The ball!—tho' a lady's choice delight,
When sought—belov'd—and fair—
Was a weary desert in her sight,
If Alvarez were not there.

XVIII.

But the time was come love must away
With coyness and caprice—
The truth he now must freely say,
Or for ever hold his peace.

XIX.

The trumpet's voice, from height to height,
Bray'd forth its lengthen'd tone;
And the sun in his effulgence bright,
On arms and armour shone.

XX.

And fond hearts sank at the signs of war,
And fond hearts breath'd farewell—
For the lov'd might go, to return no more,
A tale of love to tell.

XXI.

Alvarez gather'd up his strength,
His dreaded doom to hear—
To his long belov'd he spoke at length,
Alvarez. “Hearken—whilst yet I'm near!

XXII.

“Here in this courtly crowd I swear,
Thou'rt all on earth to me—
And lengthen'd life I scarce can bear,
If still unshar'd by thee.

XXIII.

“From hand to hand love's tokens pass,
And must I to the fight!
Without one cherish'd boon, alas!
From the fairest in my sight?”

XXIV.

Iva. "What can I give, thou would'st receive—
 Or tell, thoud'st care to learn?
Yet I shall pray at morn and eve,
 For thy safety and return."

XXV.

Alvarez. "Nay! rather pray that I among
 The fallen brave may be;
Let me not live to suffer long,
 A hopeless love for thee!"

XXVI.

Hopeless!—not so, her tears pour'd down,
 And by her fingers fair,
Her scarf upon his arm was thrown,
 With a softly murmur'd prayer.

XXVII.

Charms she from infancy had worn,
 Of many a costly gem,
Thenceforth should be in battle borne,
 For she gave Alvarez them.

XXVIII.

And she gave the assurance he was dear—
'Twas better far than all;
On her sunny cheek he saw the tear
Of gentle fondness fall.

XXIX.

And then the parting came—like this,
Pains trample pleasures down,
And soon as we have tasted bliss,
Our adverse fortunes frown.

XXX.

And then the lengthen'd absence came—
Faint hope, and sick'ning fear;
Then!—whilst all tongues extoll'd his name,
Alvarez' steps drew near.

XXXI.

Enough—what tidings would ye seek
Of love, when prosp'ring well?
When we wipe the tears from off his cheek,
There's little more to tell.

XXXII.

Alvarez—yes, he came, indeed,
Victor of high renown,
To claim the dearest, proudest meed,
His Iva—for his own.

MUSIC.

I.

Be every other music mute—
Awake the merry din
Of bass, and flageolet, and flute,
And playful violin.

II.

For none such feelings glad imparts,
As when at festive ball,
Music awakens youthful hearts,
With its inspiring call.

III.

Music! a thousand spells can fling—
The martial strain for war,
The serenade at evening,
Which Southern lovers pour.

IV.

The deep-toned and mysterious chaunt
To ear and soul are sweet;
Savoy's wild roaming sons of want
Breathe " Music " thro' the street.

V.

All touch the soul, or please the ear,
Or make the spirits rise;
But 'tis the strain which dancers hear,
That wakens ecstacies !

VI.

That bids the graceful limbs display
More than their wonted grace,
And brighter glances find their way
To many a sparkling face.

VII.

The young of such delights partake,
With dreaming ears and eyes ;
And scarce believe they must awake
To life's realities.

VIII.

But 'tis in later times, perchance,
When we such scenes recall;
We feel the moments of the dance
Were sweeter far than all.

THE ADIEU.

A SERENADE.

I.

As when a lov'd one's soul has fled,
The living gaze upon the dead;
'Tis thus I snatch, as on I go,
A latest look of love and woe.

II.

I feel, as felt our parents, driv'n
From Eden, curs'd and unforgiv'n;
They fled before an Angel's sword,
And I obey an Angel's word.

III.

An Angel's accents bid me rove,
Far from the only spot I love;
Root up my heart's lov'd hopes, nor spare
The deepest, best affection there.

IV.

Yet I, of hope and joy bereft,
Have still one feeble solace left;
Tho' grief an Angel's accents bring,
Her pity softens sorrow's sting.

LINES TO A CLOSING YEAR.

And part we friends? I must not part
From thee, with rancour in my heart,
And as thy latest sun goes down,
Gaze on its glories with a frown.
Tho' much of evil at thy hands
Sustained, alas! recorded stands—
Tho' on my heart grief's poignant blade,
Thou so unsparingly hast laid—
I will not speak harsh words to one
Who must, when midnight tolls, be gone!
Farewell!—may thy remembrance be
A lasting monitor to me.

Peace to the coming year! that springs
Gently from thy dark flitting wings:
May it be bright thro' every stage—
Thro' infancy, and prime, and age.

The new-born year, oh! may we see
 Nurtur'd thro' life's cold dawn, to be
 Baptiz'd in April's font, and wear
 May's choicest gifts of garlands fair—
 Garlands, but emblems of the more
 Luxuriant spoil of Summer's store;
 Let Autumn furnish clusters bright,
 Of the rich fruits that most delight;
 And Winter's step approach with tread
 Soft, as if Autumn scarce had fled.

But what of this?—of fruits?—of flow'rs?
 If but a mind at ease be ours;
 It is enough—be that our own,
 And may our thankfulness be shown,
 As ev'ry season comes and goes,
 Till we obtain a blest repose.

THE HAPLESS.

I.

Ye favor'd ones, who never knew
The blight that sorrows throw,
Nor saw affliction's mournful hue,
Turn all your joy to woe;

II.

Think! whilst ye bless your happy fate,
On those whose portion seems
All dreary! rayless! desolate!
Like death without its dreams.

III.

Whilst fair and flow'ry is your way,
And all your paths are peace,
Be thankful ye are not as they,
And pray their woes may cease.

IV.

Nor deem the sorrows blind their eyes,
Which weigh their spirit down;
They feel that spirit would arise,
Should fate withdraw it's frown.

V.

They amply know, they keenly feel,
How diff'rent is their state
From yours; and if they meekly kneel,
Submissive to their fate,—

VI.

Not all the martyr'd ones of old,
Who pour'd their blood away,
Did holier service, tho' more bold,
And Heav'n sustain'd, than they.

VII.

Not all the victims to the flames,
The scaffold, and the sword,
Have left behind more worthy names,
By dying for the Lord,—

VIII.

Than those who their deep cup of woe,
Without a murmur drink :
Bless God, who has ordained it so,
Nor from His bidding shrink.

IX.

Lord ! teach us so the cross to bear,
And so to " seek Thy face ;"
That we a heav'nly rest may share,
Thro' our Redeemer's grace.

SONG OF THE ISLES.

Wand'rer! when thou shalt round thee see
The bright, the beauteous Italy,
And stand to watch the tender light,
Which softens sunset into night—

And hear the evening breeze pass by,
Beneath a gentle southern sky ;
Enjoy that hour, and own the spell,
Which minds like thine can feel so well.

But! whilst that fairy land detains
Thy soul in fast and flow'ry chains,
Give not thy ev'ry gentle thought
To scenes with such enchantments fraught.

Think of "The Isles" that calmly sleep
Upon the waters of the deep;
Whilst all around thee nature smiles,
"Pray for the peace" of Britain's Isles.

What! if a chilly northern cloud,
Their forms in heavy folds enshroud,
And oft on their fresh beauty shed
The cold pale aspect of the dead?

Recall the hours which oft have flown,
With friends, they gave thee for thine own,
And midst the glowing southern smiles,
Be faithful to thy native "Isles."

A SCOTCH SONG.

I.

O say not that mine arm is weak,
O say not that thy heart will break,
O chide not, turn thee not away,
O Mither ! greet not thus, I pray !
Thou say'st that still my face is bright
With childhood's pure and ruddy light,
But Mither, nae—upon my brow
The glow of shame is mantling now.

II.

Of shame, to think that I alone
Have linger'd swordless and unknown,
Whilst a' my kinsmen, a' my clan,
Are far, and fighting man to man ;

I go—but when, with sword on high,
My chief's victorious name I cry,
Then shall my gladsome heart repeat,
My Mither soon shall cease to greet!

III.

And when triumphant others go
To meet the lassie that they loe,
I'll haste to fling me at thy feet,
And say, oh! Mither, cease to greet!
Or if a sodger's death I dee,
My parting ghaist shall flit to thee,
And ere it fade, shall whisper low,
O Mither—Mither—greet not so!

A REVEALER OF FUTURITY.

I.

Unmov'd th' inspir'd one darkly frown'd,
Upon the fond, the fair;
And hearts, which chains of love had bound,
Were chill'd and sunder'd there.

II.

A blooming Child, his Mother spurn'd
With horror from her side—
For she his future sins had learn'd,
And hope—love—gladness—died.

III.

And Sisters—ay, tho' nature ties
Their souls with sacred band,
Which change, caprice, and chill defies—
Could they her pow'r withstand?

IV.

Sisters! forgot their sisterhood,
And friends to rivals turn'd,
And hearts, the tranquil and the good,
With fierce resentment burn'd.

V.

'Twere better all the gushing rain
Of heaven, at once should fall,
Than we from Prophet should obtain
Foreknowledge thus—of all.

A BARD'S LAST NOTES.

When first ambition's pow'r my steps would teach
The mountain's high and hidden brow to reach,
And bending o'er the summit of the height,
I downward gaz'd with wond'ring wild delight,
And pierc'd with fancy's eye the misty wreath,
That veil'd the fair and smiling plain beneath,
And fondly trac'd each scene below me spread,
Where many a sweet and sportive hour had fled—
I felt not yet the dear and sacred band,
Whose links enchain'd me to my parent land,
Nor yet had learn'd to glory in her fame,
To mourn her wrongs, her sorrows, and exclaim—
The country where my fathers dwelt and died,
Is dearer far than all the world beside!
This sacred fire, unwatch'd by mortal care,
Burn'd in my heart, tho' still unheeded there:

When lo ! it chanc'd a wandr'ing minstrel came,
Struck his loud harp, and fann'd the latent flame !
For high and kindling was the theme he chose—
His country's glories, and his country's woes ;
His country's tears, o'er her melodious train,
By heav'n inspir'd, and by oppressors slain.
'Twas then I first awoke the tuneful chord,
'Twas then my earliest, wildest lay, I pour'd,
And deem'd it blest and glorious to be
The echoer of martyr's minstrelsy !
Oh ! thou who couldst the bard, the patriot slay,
Thou couldst not wipe the fatal stain away,
Nor bid the historian of thy tragic times,
Recount thy victories, but veil thy crimes.
Edward ! thy galling chains are yet unriv'n !
Thy wrongs yet unredress'd, and unforgiv'n !
But not unpunished—shame shall cling to thee,
Till time shall fade into eternity,
And who with thee a conqu'ror's fame would share ?
Like thee a murd'rer's hated name to bear.
Oh peace to thee, my harp ! it is in vain
I've rous'd thee to the thrilling theme again ;
It is in vain my feeble hand essays
To strike thy chords to tales of other days ;

So hush thy notes in silent, calm repose,
Or tune them kindly to thy master's woes;
But oh! recall not thus the strains to me,
Which in life's morning I have taught to thee;—
When there were those who rapt'rous praises spoke,
And lov'd each sad, each sportive strain I woke,
And closely press'd, and fondly gather'd round,
And held their breath to listen to each sound:
These were my sunny hours, they came, they flew,
Sparkling and fleeting as the summer dew;
In hours like these, when all around is bright,
Past griefs may wake and put our joys to flight;
But deeper stings remember'd happiness,
When hope has ceas'd to lure, and joy to bless.
'Tis thus in hopeless hours of misery,
I think how brightly life has beam'd on me;
How in warm smiles and gay attire she shone,
Tho' now her garb is sad, her smiles have flown,
And death has stol'n away the cherish'd few,
Whose words breath'd fondly, and whose hearts beat true !
Reckless destroyer of our earthly race,
On all around thy with'ring touch I trace,
And on my dim, and dark, and wasted eyes,
Thy heavy, chilling hand already lies;

H H

But so 'tis well, since all is lost to me,
That once mine eyes so fondly lov'd to see,
All that they once delighted to behold,
All, all, is gone, as 'twere a tale that's told.

And to thee, too, my latest, fastest friend,
My harp, farewell ! our commune sweet must end.
For lo ! thou slidest from my loos'ning hold,
Affrighted at my fingers' pressure cold;
Yet to thy master's touch once more reply,
In one kind strain of parting melody.
Ye heavenly harps ! which angels' hands awake,
Oh ! let your sounds on my charm'd senses break !
And when your earthly emblem, lov'd so long,
Has ceas'd to echo to her master's song,
When she has hush'd her trembling farewell-chord,
Your answ'ring harmony from heav'n be pour'd !
Inviting me, in joyful strains of love,
To come and join the tuneful choir above.

THE SIBYL.

Seek not to pass the Sibyl's portal fair !
For many a blooming hope has wither'd there;
Nor hearken to the Sibyl's siren tongue,
Which oft the knell of ruin'd peace hath rung.
They who with buoyant heart, and step so gay,
Her temple seek along a flow'ry way,
With blighted heart and hopes, returning slow,
With tears bedew the pathway as they go.
The Sibyl's wild, inspired, uplifted eye,
Illumes the page of dark futurity;
The Sibyl's finger points upon her scroll,
To coming ills which she can not controul;
Gifted, but pow'rless, her enchanted lay
Reveals a fate 'tis not for her to sway.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

It is not wise, if we would fain rejoice,
To listen, till we give the Past a voice:
What though that voice the charmer's voice may be;
What tho' to listen may be ecstasy!
Tho' it can call back blessings on our head,
Love in the chill'd, and language from the dead—
'Tis like the death knell's deep and mournful sound,
Which tolls to spread death's warning all around.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

I heard the Nightingale, and listen'd long
To the sweet snatches of his broken song ;
His notes were sweeter than all else on earth,
His gentle music seem'd of heav'nly birth ;
A holy melody was in his lay,
Unlike to all the jarring sounds of day—
A happiness not gaiety—a sound
That fill'd unecho'd all the air around ;
What subtle music, thro' what space was heard
The pure and perfect song of that sweet bird ;
It penetrated thro' the tranquil night,
Distance unmeasured, like the stars' clear light.
One fancies such a bird pour'd such a song
Beneath the moonlight, Eden's groves among,
And tho' on earth are chang'd all things beside,
Still doth perfection in that voice abide.

There is a magic in each varied note,
As if 'twere pour'd from some enchanted throat,
And the worn heart, and pall'd capricious ear,
Freshen ! whilst such unearthly strains we hear.
Mysterious minstrel !—thou dost dwell alone
In an unpeopled calm world of thine own—
Free from restraint, and fear, in copse or glen,
Sacred, and unmolested, even by men !
I never heard thy voice till yesternight,
And little thought with what a new delight
My wond'ring ear could drink the lengthen'd "trill,"
And feel each cadence more bewitching still !
A thousand things give pleasure to the gay,
But 'tis when our gay years have pass'd away,
And we our former feelings keen recall,
We prize the pow'rful spells that yet enthrall :
There are but few, and fewer yet they grow,
At ev'ry step that on our way we go :
Some hope gets fainter till it disappears,
Some joy is tarnished by the rust of years,
Some sound grows mournful which was wont to charm,
Some sight brings sorrow, or some thought alarm.
If any earthly music fit can be
To offer praises to the Diety—

If any earthly melody bestows
A drop of heavenly balm on human woes,
It is the Nightingale's delicious strain,
Which breath'd from heav'n, ascends to heav'n again.

L I F E.

Unceasingly we hurry through
Life's throng'd and busy ways;
Some eye is scanning all we do,
With harsh and eager gaze.

Some finger ever points at us,
And dares us to reveal:
Why look, or act, or speak we thus?
Why feel we what we feel?

We never stop, nor slacken we
Our ever rapid pace;
We cannot wait the past to see,
Far less our steps retrace.

Far less to pause and round us call
The tried, the fond, the dear,
Who kindly sympathise in all
That can befall us here.

Sometimes a loving glance we catch,
That marks us midst the throng,
And sigh, one hour of bliss to snatch,
Nor hasten thus along.

With such an one, we side by side
Life's journey would pursue;
Or ev'n one happy day abide,
And taste of joy anew.

But oh! why must we hurry so
Along Life's weary road?
Nor rest upon the way we go,
Beneath our heavy load.

For there be arms that would embrace
A fellow pilgrim's form,
Tears that would bathe our tearful face,
Hearts which our hearts would warm.

Would bid our failing pulses beat
With energy once more,
And with affection's whispers sweet,
Our vanish'd hopes restore.

But sweeping on, the busy crowd
The loving soon divides,
And soon as friendship has been vow'd,
Friends each from each, it hides.

Yet, 'tis but for a little while
That we must hurry so,
And shun the frown, or court the smile,
Of those we dread or know.

For soon we each shall be alone,
And each shall taste repose,
But not till we from life have flown,
And left it's cares and woes.

Oh ! yes, 'tis to a quiet spot
We hurry on so fast,
And tho' our hearts desire it not,
We there shall pause at last.

For tho' in turmoil and in haste,
Along life's paths we'er led;
There is a rest we all shall taste,
There's quiet for the dead.

THE DESERT.

There were steps in the Desert, which never before
Had the footstep of man trodden wearily o'er;
'Twas a pilgrim exhausted, bewilder'd, and spent,
Who his steps to the far Holy Sepulchre bent.

And he scan'd the parch'd Desert, and wildly he thought
On the home he had left and the shrine he had sought,
On the home whose enchantments no more he should feel,
On the land and the shrine where he never should kneel!

He is sleeping! the Desert's scorch'd sand is his bed,
And the fierce burning sunbeams are over him shed;
But more tranquil his sleep than the slumber of those
Who on flow'rs beneath branches by fountains repose.

Yes he sleeps—the dark valley he now has pass'd through,
And has enter'd the state that we all hasten to,
And the staff of the pilgrim aside he has flung,
And the countless departed has enter'd among.

Of the way of salvation the pilgrim made choice,
And in danger and death did his soul still rejoice;
Songs of Zion with hope in a strange land he pour'd,
To the Christian's deliverer—comforter—Lord.

AUGUST.

Again the earth has fill'd her lap with flow'rs—
Summer and sunshine deck the passing hours—
The world seems all but Heaven for a while!
And ev'n the sorrowful look up and smile.

And are we ready for the blast that waits
Without—to herald Winter to our gates?
And for the snow, and storm, and lengthen'd night,
And loss of ev'ry gentle sound and sight?

And are we ready when the signal's given,
To see our earthly ties asunder riv'n?
And give the ready answer—"Lo! I come"—
When God shall fitting see to call us home?

HARVEST HOME.

I.

The sons of toil together met
On the appointed night;
A table was before them set—
It was a goodly sight.

II.

The weary teams were stabled now,
Their harvest toils were o'er;
The grain was garner'd in the mow,
In rich and plenteous store.

III.

'Tis sweet to see a banquet spread
Of good abundant fare,
For those who earn their daily bread,
And nought beside it share.

IV.

'Tis sweet to see the potent ale,
With crest of frothy foam,
Impart a generous regale,
At the gay Harvest Home.

V.

'Tis sweet on such a night to hear
The kindly wish exprest;
Ourselves, and all we hold most dear,
To hear with fervour blest!

VI.

Such are the scenes which can enchain
Our hearts in fetters strong,
And make us feel to live again,
The years departed long.

VII.

And many a fond remembrance broke,
Enchanted! from its sleep;
And early thoughts once more awoke
From slumber long and deep.

VIII.

The young felt gay indeed that night!
The old felt—all but young;
While 'neath the moon's clear steadfast light,
The harvest lays were sung.

IX.

Long—long—did we beside them stand,
And gaz'd with fixèd eye;
And then the rude and rustic band
Tun'd up their minstrelsy.

X.

Now yet more mirthful grew each glance,
More frequent was the jest,
And the lov'd went away to dance,
With those they lov'd the best.

XI.

The music gave a merry strain,
The feet gave many a bound;
And hearts oft pledg'd, were pledg'd again,
In words of gentle sound.

XII.

Loud was the talk, and light the laugh,
The night was turn'd to day;
The aged leant upon their staff,
And watch'd the young and gay.

XIII.

The homeliest revels have a charm,
Beneath a cloudless sky;
And as we turn'd and left the farm,
We left it with a sigh:

XIV.

We left it with a fond regret,
And with a silent prayer,
That Harvest Home might often yet
Be held in gladness there.

WHAT IS DEATH?

Oh ! what is Death? We cannot tell,
Tho' we one day shall know it well;
We see it folding to its breast
The friends that we have lov'd the best,
And trust that thro' God's pow'r and grace,
They're gone to a most blessed place;
But where? but what? we may not know,
Till we where they are gone shall go ;
Then shall we know the myst'ries deep
That are unveil'd to those who sleep !

Or ! sleeps the spirit like the clay?
Away ! the chilling thought away !
I would not live believing this,
For all the world can give of bliss !

What ! if I feel the pow'r of sin,
That ever is at work within—
What if the pow'rs of darkness press
Around my soul with eagerness,
To drag me from the heav'nward path,
Which peace, and hope, and safety hath.
Yet will I hope, and yet believe,
That I Christ's ransom shall receive;
And may I die secure to be
With him ! when from this world set free.

Death sets its seal on all things here;
All things on earth his prey appear;
The present, ever crumb'ling fast,
Seems but the ruin of the past;
And if we deem the future bless'd,
'Tis all unreal, and unpossess'd.
None are so young, but they have felt
A blank, where hope and joy have dwelt;
None are so blest, but they have known
Life's pleasures rudely overthrown.

Oh ! what is Death ? ye spirits free,
Your secret knowledge breathe to me ;

Is it a rushing, rapid flight,
To distant regions grand and bright?
Or lingers yet the spirit near,
Gazing on those in life so dear,
Wond'ring 'tis neither seen nor felt
By those with whom it fondly dwelt?
Can it have fellowship no more
With those it dearly lov'd before?
The lifeless form can it behold?
Lately itself! now stiff and cold?
Still hath it thought? and feeling still?
And haunts it diff'rent spots at will?
Still hath it sympathy with those
Who shar'd in life its joys and woes?
Or are such ties asunder rent,
When our short time on earth is spent?
And when we flee as others fled,
And when we mingle with the dead,
And follow ev'n to worlds unknown,
The kindred spirits that are flown?
All this is hidden from our eyes;
But, well are known the tender ties
Which bind the mourners who are left,
With those of whom they are bereft.

Some hold, such feeling pass—but oh !
How very little do they know
The love, enduring, tender, deep,
Which watches over those who sleep.

At first we deem the dead are nigh,
We think ourselves beneath their eye,
They fill our ev'ry waking thought,
In sleep they are before us brought ;
Years pass, scenes change, but still the same—
We grasp a shadow, and a name.

Oh ! what is Death ? a teacher sent,
That all our thoughts to heav'n be bent ;
Oft his harsh voice to us hath said,
“ Repent, ere ye are with the dead.”
Oft his rude hand doth open wide
The page which tells why Christ hath died,
Whilst wrenching from our trembling grasp,
Some treasure we too fondly clasp.
Oh ! may our hearts God's precepts learn,
Oh ! may we to our Saviour turn,
Ere this dread teacher shall draw near
To us—or those to us most dear.

A VISIT TO A TOMB.

I.

Oh Lord! Thou who alone canst heal
The woes Thy suffering people feel,
To us "Thy comforts" give;
Let us not "sorrow," ev'n "as those
Who have no hope" in death's repose,
Still with their God to live.

II.

Thy chosen servants oft of old,
In their dark sacred speech have told
Their hopes for "better days"—
Have dimly seen "New Heav'ns, new Earth,"
Where they, as from a second birth,
Should dwell, their Lord to praise.

III.

But we much more have seen; we know
That as "The Lord hath risen"—so
 We from our dust shall spring;
He tasted Death, and pour'd away
The curse of Death which on us lay,
 And drew from Death his sting.

IV.

Lord! I believe! oh! help Thou me,
Stronger and yet more strong to be,
 In trusting to Thy Word;
That Word which on the sacred page
Has trac'd bright hopes from age to age,
 And man from God has heard.

V.

Death a commission holds, to bind
All—all—whom he on Earth can find,—
 His fetters must be worn!
His fetters Christ did meekly wear—
Then shall not we with meekness bear
 The cross which Christ hath borne?

VI.

'Tis when we to a tomb draw near,
Which holds a form we still revere,
 And still—how dearly!—love;
Faith stands unshrinking by, to throw
Upon the sepulchre a glow
 Of radiance from above.

VII.

Oh! peace my soul, this stone one day,
Will by God's pow'r be rolled away,
 The Sleepers shall awake!
The crumbling dust shall be restor'd,
At the high bidding of its Lord,
 A nobler form to take.

VIII.

What tho' the reign of Death be long—
His aim be sure—his arm be strong,
 Vanquish'd he yet will be!
His strength at last will all be spent,
His bands asunder will be rent,
 His victims will be free.

ANSWER

SENT ON RECEIVING SOME POEMS ON DIFFERENT
SUBJECTS.

The Poet strikes his ready string,
A thousand varied scenes to sing;
Tells of the vain World's pomps and schemes,
In poetry's fantastic dreams!
Makes plots and politics his own,
And sports before the very throne.
But it is not in scenes like these
The poet most has pow'r to please;
'Tis when his verses honour shed
Upon the merits of the dead—
'Tis when in lofty flight he soars,
And praise on kindred spirits pours,
In gentle song—that most of all
His tuneful strains our hearts enthrall.

L L

ANSWER

ON RECEIVING SOME MORE POEMS BY THE SAME
AUTHOR.

Sweet are the kindly sympathies that glow
Within a kindred heart, in joy or woe;
They can our joy enhance, our woe beguile,
By look, by silent tear, by sunny smile.
But oh! what soothing influence have they,
When utter'd in the poet's thrilling lay;
For verse, like music, has a magic pow'r,
To bind the heart in joy's or sorrow's hour.

A country's cradled hopes thy muse now sings,
And warbles welcome to the child of kings, *
Into the royal presence fondly steals,
And whispers all a happy nation feels.

But other tasks than these thy muse must do,
And weary tasks of heavy sorrow too;

* The Princess Royal.

For she must breathe a deeply mournful strain,
And make our tears steal softly down again.

Nor scarce as yet those tears have ceas'd to fall,
For one so long, so justly dear to all; *
That bright example of a Christian's state,
Who ever ready for his lord did wait,
Who did his master's bidding while 'twas day,
And still as night approach'd pursued his way—
Nor did in loneliness the way pursue,
But others to the narrow pathway drew.

Here we must pause—'tis not for us to know
God's mysteries!—whilst clothed in flesh below;
But God to us the cheering hope hath shown,
We—all shall know! in Heav'n—as we are known:
That which “eye hath not seen,” “ear hath not heard,”
Shall be reveal'd—true to our Master's word.

Oh! gracious promise, giv'n in pow'r and love,
Oh! blessed hope below of bliss above,
Oh! help to strengthen—mercy to sustain—
Be our's—till entrance we to Heav'n shall gain.

A POET'S DEATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh! it is not a murmur, that deep lamentation,
Which is heard and is echoed on every side;
'Tis a sound of more woe—'tis the wail of a nation,
Who sorrows and weeps for her Poet, her pride.

Where silenc'd for ever their lov'd minstrel slumbers,
The bereavèd, the stricken, the desolate mourn:
They no longer may hear his melodious numbers;
And each in the throng feels alone and forlorn.

Oh! how would he trace with the pen of the poet,
Some deed the historian might claim as his theme,
And tell it as truly, as briefly; yet show it
All beauteous and bright! as the sun paints a stream.

But his words might no longer be shap'd and be number'd,
Even trammels so light, inspiration disdains!
And his thoughts must in freedom flow on, unencumber'd
By even such bright and such delicate chains.

Then! how would he wipe from the dead's silent dwelling,
The dark dust of ages and unbar the tomb:
The words and the works of it's lone inmate telling,
And decking decay with life, vigour, and bloom.

On his altars of fame fragrant incense was reeking,
And the voice of renown was repeating his name,
Whilst, far from his country, his home, he was seeking,
To trim the faint lamp of his languishing frame.

But in vain—for he saw in the socket 'twas sinking,
And his face to the land of his fathers he turn'd,
And he fix'd his dim eye, and he gaz'd without shrinking,
On the spot where the bright star that guided him burn'd.

And the voice that he heard, 'twas the same voice of thunder
Which spake to the Prophet of old from on high,
And was heard and obey'd, without fear, without wonder,
“Go up to yon mountain, for there thou shalt die!”

Once again 'midst the scenes that he lov'd ! from that hour,
He felt all the sharpness of death at an end :
Ev'n as death's keenest pangs are beguil'd of their pow'r,
By the look, by the voice, by the tears of a friend.

Still ! his country may boast, tho' forlorn and forsaken,
To her all the wealth of his mind he bequeath'd ;
And still, tho' his last thrilling farewell be taken,
She is blest with the thoughts and the music he breath'd.

POLAND'S SONS.

I.

Are Poland's sons forgetting
To rally and be free,
Whilst freedom's sword is whetting,
Around from sea to sea ?

II.

No—but their hands are cumber'd
With slav'ry's galling chain;
Their free-born hopes! have slumber'd
Too long, to wake again.

III.

But let the foreign masters,
Who Lord it o'er the land,
And scoff at her disasters,
Confus'd and fearful stand.

IV.

Let them, let ev'ry nation,
Mark, and with terror, too,
The work of devastation,
A few short years can do.

V.

All lands are wond'ring, doubting—
Dangers and wrongs they see;
And traitors' tongues are shouting
The name of Liberty !

VI.

The lofty and the lowly,
May all alike be pain'd,
To hear by lips unholy,
A cherish'd name profan'd.

VII.

The nations gaze and wonder,
To see that sinking state
Oppress'd, and trodden under,
Tho' once so proud and great.

VIII.

Her halls are now foresaken
By all that's bright and gay;
A last farewell is taken
Of honours pass'd away.

IX.

Her sons beside her linger—
Each to redeem her, longs;
But who! will raise a finger?
To ease them of their wrongs.

X.

Alas! their doom is spoken,
Alas! their fall is vow'd,
And Polish hearts are broken,
And Polish spirits bow'd.

XI.

Like some lone warrior dying,
A sparkling fountain near,
And with his last breath sighing,
To taste it's waters clear;

XII.

So Poland hears each nation
The name of freedom cry,
And her last lamentation
Bemoans her liberty.

THE SEER SEES!*

I.

The second sight is on me now—
A bridal train I see;
I hear thee breathe thy maiden vow,
To one who lives for thee.

II.

I see thee then, as now thou art,
All beautiful and mild;
In freshness, and in guileless heart,
I see thee still a child!

III.

In vain thy veil's transparent fold
Would screen from ev'ry sight,
The love that is so sweetly told
By smiles and blushes bright.

*Addressed to Miss ——.

IV.

But would I clearly could discern
The bridegroom by thy side!
Whose looks on thee so fondly turn,
On thee! his long lov'd bride.

V.

Long lov'd—so young—'tis even so,
And cold and dull would seem
All later loves, beside the glow
Of his youth's cherish'd dream.

VI.

His dark blue eyes with gladness shine—
I see love's triumph there;
His locks are bright almost as thine,
As thine own flowing hair.

VII.

His lofty form is full of grace—
Oh! he deserves thee well;
His handsome features I can trace—
His name I cannot tell.

VIII.

And lo ! ere yet the train departs,
 Whilst all thy bridal bless,
Two mothers clasp thee to their hearts,
 With equal tenderness.

IX.

Oh ! pause bright vision—from mine eyes
 Pass not so soon away ;
Oh ! why must doubt and darkness rise,
 Around the pageant gay ?

X.

“ The Seer ” the future darkly “ sees,”
 Nor can such sights detain,
But there’s a hope to last and please,
 That they’ll return again.

XI.

They shall return, when year by year
 Has brought fresh charms to thee,
And made thee yet more bright and dear,
 The imag’d bride to be.

THE WINTER OF LIFE,

TO WINTER.

I love thee not, thou season stern,
Tho' fire may blaze, and candles burn,
And at the feast the cheerful glass
May round and round the table pass;
And tho' amidst the snow, all day,
The rosy and light-hearted play;
And tale and song, and jest and mirth,
Are sounding ev'ry where on earth;
Whate'er thy joyous pastimes be,
I have no sympathy with thee.
I love thee not, thou season dull,
When there is not a flow'r to cull—
When there is not a bird to hear
Pour forth its music loud and clear.
I love thee not—nor lov'd I thee,
When all on earth was new to me.

Tho' well I lov'd the midnight ball,
I ever felt thine iron thrall,
And (charm'd with all thy pastimes gay,)
Yet sigh'd for Summer's sunny day.

And from the earliest hours I knew,
The season when the flowers grew,
And when the grass and leaves were seen,
Luxuriant—beautiful—and green;
That season charm'd my ev'ry sense,
And brought me happiness intense.
My heart from ev'ry care had rest,
And I—scarce knowing why—was blest.
Down on a green and grassy bank,
How often I with joyance sank,
Gaz'd on the sunny landscape round,
And listen'd to each Summer sound:
And listen'd, till each sound that fell,
Seem'd thro' my very soul to swell;
And look'd, until before my sight,
The glowing Earth, as Heav'n, seem'd bright.

Now, times are sorely chang'd with me,
And pleasures from my presence flee:

The best of life behind me lies,
And hides its beauties from mine eyes,
And all the years that pass away,
Still less and less to me are gay.
But when the Summer time comes round,
And all its choice delights abound,
It's sunny sky—its genial heat—
Its shady groves and gardens sweet!
My lagging pulse of life, once more,
Beats freely as it beat before;
Once more, my slow and heavy tread,
Almost can speed as once it sped,
And Summer's gentle sunbeams shine
Upon this wintry heart of mine.

SUMMER BIRDS.

Look how the Birds at eventide
Athwart the water's surface glide ;
O'er the dark pool securely flit,
And dip their pointed wings in it;
Espy and dart upon their prey,
And swiftly bear the prize away.
Well, Man may seek their haunts, and see
How busy and how blythe they be;
And if no sympathy be caught
With those whom God hath made and taught,
Let him his frozen heart review,
And pray that God that heart renew.

The songs of Birds that loudly swell
From their sweet throats, have truths to tell :
The Cuckoo's wild mysterious words
Sound strangely midst the songs of birds,
And rouse the thoughts of days gone by,
And often wake a passing sigh ;
In childhood's spring we heard him speak,
And ev'ry where his place would seek ;
And now, well-pleas'd, we hear once more
That voice so often heard before ;
And snatch from childhood's hours again,
A shadow of their pleasures vain.

We hear delightfully and long,
The Blackbird's sweet but idle song ;
The Thrush, a yet more tuneful lay,
Breathes forth to man's dull ear all day ;
And rivals in the sunshine bright,
The only songster of the night.
The Nightingale, in night's calm reign,
Lifts up his voice in magic strain ;
And hidden in some bushy knoll,
He stirs our fancy, heart, and soul :

His carols sanctify the spot,
Oh ! silence ! interrupt him not.

Ye Birds ! 'tis pleasant to my sight,
To see you dart in rapid flight—
To see you wing your airy way—
To see you fearless, free, and gay ;
To see you when the sunbeams throw
A light that makes your feathers glow ;
Or see the passing shadow cast,
Beneath you as you hasten past.
Ye Birds ! who all God's bidding do,
The gate of heav'n is free to you ;
Ye thither mount, and scarcely throw
One glance upon the earth below.
Oh would that I like you had wings, *
To bear me far from earthly things ;
Then would I flee away, and be
At rest, from cares and crosses free ;
Upon some mountain's lofty crest,
Where faint and weary hearts may rest,
Where peacefully the tir'd may find
Seclusion from a world unkind ;

* Oh ! that I had wings like a Dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest.
Psalm lv.

Repose from all life's toils and cares,
Defence from all temptation's snares.

But this is not a bliss for us !
We may not flee our troubles thus.
Ye happy Birds! we cannot share
Your joyance in the summer air,
But ye may lull our hearts to rest,
By warbling forth that ye are blest.

CHURCH SERVICES.

The chimes from yonder steeple
Ring merrily and loud,
And groups of eager people
Towards their music crowd.

Before the altar's railing
A Bride and Bridegroom stand,
And lacy folds are veiling
The loveliest in the land.

And ev'ry ear is trying,
Whilst all beside is still,
To hear the bride replying,
Her soft, but firm, "I will."

'The soft " I will " is spoken,
A glance as soft exchang'd—
That Vow shall ne'er be broken,
Nor those fond hearts estrang'd.

Another train advances—
No bridal train is this—
Yet there are joyous glances,
And whisper'd words of bliss.

With youthful pride and pleasure,
Approach a happy pair;
Their first and darling treasure
Within the church they bear.

Their babe is now receiving
Upon its placid face,
The badge of the believing,
The holy sign of grace.

Sweet babe! this world is hollow—
A world of woe and strife;
Take up thy cross, and follow
Where leads the Lord of Life.

Another train is wending
Within the church it's way,
Whilst prayers are still ascending,
For blessings on that day.

But here—no bride is blushing,
And here—no babe is blest;
But mourners' tears are gushing,
For one laid down to rest.

Bright dawns the bridal morning,
The font to us is dear;
But come ! and hear the warning
That's spoken to us here.

A blight may soon be falling
On joys however pure,
But let us "make our calling,"
And our election sure."

And then the day of sorrow,
Which lays us in the earth,
Shall have a brighter morrow,
Than that which saw our birth.

* 2nd Epis. Peter, 1st Chap., 2nd Verse.

Depart ye happy hearted !
Your marriage rite is done,
Oh ! be ye never parted
Whom God hath joined in one.

Depart thou joyful mother !
Thy " firstling " bear away ;
Joy greater than all other,
Thou deem'st thine own to-day.

But that dark band who carry
A Christian to the grave,
In patient hope to tarry
For him whose arm can save ;

Tho' mournfully they languish,
Yet they amidst their woe,
Have comfort in their anguish,
A stranger may not know.

For when the coffin enters,
And bitter tears are pour'd ;
Each hope and feeling centres
In Christ, the Christian's Lord.

CONCLUSION.

The fitting moment now indeed is here,
To say Farewell to ev'ry Reader dear;
And render thanks to ev'ry Reader kind,
From whom these pages may indulgence find.
What makes me dare to hope each gentle heart
Is stirred with kind emotions as we part?
And that alike we part—as friend from friend—
Now that our close companionship must end?
Oh! would this pen of mine had better told
The thoughts which I have ventur'd to unfold.
Would that my hand had better found the way,
To you my passing feelings to convey.
But there may be recorded here and there
Some thoughts and feelings which my readers share;
And in this hope that sympathy unites
The minds of those who read and her who writes,
I lay my humble off'ring at your feet,
And hope it may your grace and kindness meet.

GEO. SIMSON, JUN., PRINTER, HERTFORD.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates.

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